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CHARACTERS OF LIVING POETS.

FROM HAZLITT'S LECTURES.

MR. MOORE.

MR. Moore's Muse is another Ariel, as light, as tricky, as indefatigable, and as humane a spirit. His fancy is for ever on the wing, flutters in the gale, glitters in the sun. Every thing lives, moves, and sparkles in his poetry, while over all love waves his purple light. His thoughts are as restless, as many, and as bright as the insects that people the sun's beam. "So work the honey bees," extracting liquid sweets from opening buds: so the butterfly expands its wings to the idle air; so the thistle's silver down is wafted over summer seas. An airy voyager on life's stream, his mind inhales the fragrance of a thousand shores, and drinks of endless pleasures under halcyon skies. Wherever his footsteps tend over the enamelled ground of fairy fiction—

"Around him the bees in play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around."

The fault of Mr. Moore is an exuberance of involuntary power. His facility of production lessens the effect of, and hangs as a dead weight upon, what he produces. His levity at last oppresses. The infinite delight he takes in such an infinite number of things, produces indifference in minds less susceptible of pleasure than his own. He exhausts

attention by being inexhaustible. His variety cloy; his rapidity dazzles and distracts the sight. The graceful ease with which he lends himself to every subject, the genial spirit with which he indulges in every sentiment, prevents him from giving their full force to the masses of things, from connecting them into a whole. He wants intensity, strength, and grandeur. His mind does not brood over the great and permanent: it glances over the surfaces, the first impression of things, instead of grappling with the deep-rooted prejudices of the mind, its inveterate habits, and that "perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart." His pen, as it is rapid and fanciful, wants momentum and passion. It requires the same principle to make us thoroughly like poetry, that makes us like ourselves so well, the feeling of continued identity. The impressions of Mr. Moore's poetry are detached, desultory, and physical. Its gorgeous colours brighten and fade like the rainbow's. Its sweetness evaporates like the effluvia exhaled from beds of flowers! His gay laughing style, which relates to the immediate pleasures of love or wine, is better than his sentimental and romantic vein. His Irish melodies are not free from affectation and a certain sickliness of pretension. His

serious descriptions are apt to run into flowery tenderness. His pathos sometimes melts into a mawkish sensibility, or crystallizes into all the prettiness of allegorical language, and glittering hardness of external imagery. But he has wit at will, and of the first quality. His satirical and burlesque poetry is his best: it is first rate. His *Twopenny Post-Bag* is a perfect "nest of spicery;" where the Cayenne is not spared. The politician there sharpens the poet's pen. In this too, our bard resembles the bee—he has its honey and its sting.

Mr. Moore ought not to have written *Lalla Rookh*, even for three thousand guineas. His fame is worth more than that. He should have minded the advice of Fadladeen. It is not, however, a failure, so much as an evasion, and a consequent disappointment of public expectation. He should have left it to others to break conventions with nations, and faith with the world. He should, at any rate, have kept his with the public. *Lalla Rookh* is not what people wanted to see whether Mr. Moore could do; namely, whether he could write a long epic poem. It is four short tales. The interest, however, is often high-wrought and tragic, but the execution still turns to the effeminate and voluptuous side. Fortitude of mind is the first requisite of a tragic or epic writer. Happiness of nature and felicity of genius are the pre-eminent characteristics of the bard of Erin. If he is not perfectly contented with what he is, all the world beside is. He had no temptations to risk any thing in adding to the love and admiration of his age, and more than one country.

"Therefore to be possessed with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

The same might be said of Mr. Moore's seeking to bind an epic crown, or the shadow of one, round his other laurels.

LORD BYRON.

If Mr. Moore has not suffered enough personally, Lord Byron (judging from

the tone of his writings) might be thought to have suffered too much to be a truly great poet. If Mr. Moore lays himself open to all the various impulses of things, the outward shews of earth and sky, to every breath that blows, to every stray sentiment that crosses his fancy; Lord Byron shuts himself up too much in the impenetrable gloom of his own thoughts, and buries the natural light of things in "nook monastic." The *Giaour*, the *Corsair*, *Childe Harold*, are all the same person, and they are apparently all himself. The everlasting repetition of one subject, the same dark ground of fiction, with the darker colours of the poet's mind spread over it, the unceasing accumulation of horrors on horror's head, steels the mind against the sense of pain, as inevitably as the unceasing Siren sounds and luxurious monotony of Mr. Moore's poetry make it inaccessible to please. Lord Byron's poetry is as morbid as Mr. Moore's is careless and dissipated. He has more depth of passion, more force and impetuosity, but the passion is always of the same unaccountable character, at once violent and sullen, fierce, and gloomy. It is not the passion of a mind struggling with misfortune, or the hopelessness of its desires, but of a mind preying upon itself, and disgusted with, or indifferent to all other things. There is nothing less poetical than this sort of unaccommodating selfishness. There is nothing more repulsive than this sort of ideal absorption of all the interests of others, of the good and ills of life, in the ruling passion and moody abstraction of a single mind, as if it would make itself the centre of the universe, and there was nothing worth cherishing but its intellectual diseases. It is like a cancer, eating into the heart of poetry. But still there is power, and power rivets attention and forces admiration. "He bath a demon:" and that is the next thing to being full of the God. His brow collects the scattered gloom: his eye flashes livid fire that withers and consumes. But still we watch the progress of the scathing bolt with interest, and mark the ruin it leaves behind with awe. Within the contracted range of his imagination, he has great unity and truth of keeping. He chooses elements and agents congenial to

his mind, the dark and glittering ocean, the frail bark hurrying before the storm, pirates and men that "house on the wild sea with wild usages." He gives the tumultuous eagerness of action, and the fixed despair of thought. In vigour of style and force of conception, he in one sense surpasses every writer of the present day. His indignant apothegms are like oracles of misanthropy. He who wishes for "a curse to kill with," may find it in Lord Byron's writings. Yet he has beauty with his strength, tenderness sometimes joined with the phrenzy of despair. A flash of golden light sometimes follows from a stroke of his pencil, like a falling meteor. The flowers that adorn his poetry bloom over charnel-houses and the grave!

There is one subject on which Lord Byron is fond of writing, on which I wish he would not write—Buonaparte. Not that I quarrel with his writing for him, or against him, but with his writing both for and against him. What right has he to do this? Buonaparte's character, be it what else it may, does not change every hour according to his Lordship's varying humour. He is not a pipe for fortune's finger, or for his Lordship's Muse, to play what stop she pleases on. Why should Lord Byron now laud him to the skies in the hour of his success, and then peevishly wreak his disappointment on the God of his idolatry? The man he writes of does not rise or fall with circumstances: but "looks on tempests and is never shaken." Besides, he is a subject for history, and not for poetry.

"Great prince's favourites their fair leaves spread,

But as the marygold at the sun's eye,

And in themselves their pride lies buried:

For at a frown they in their glory die.

The painful warrior, famed for fight,

After a thousand victories once foil'd,

Is from the book of honour razed quite,

And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd."

If Lord Byron will write any thing more on this hazardous theme, let him take these lines of Shakspeare for his guide, and finish them in the spirit of the original—they will then be worthy of the subject.

WALTER SCOTT.

Walter Scott is the most popular of all the poets of the present day, and deservedly so. He describes that which is most easily and generally understood with more vivacity and effect than any body else. He has no excellencies, either of a lofty or recondite kind, which lie beyond the reach of the most ordinary capacity to find out; but he has all the good qualities which all the world agree to understand. His style is clear, flowing, and transparent: his sentiments, of which his style is an easy and natural medium, are common to him with his readers. He has none of Mr. Wordsworth's *idiosyncrasy*. He differs from his readers only in a greater range of knowledge and facility of expression. His poetry belongs to the class of *improvisatori* poetry. It has neither depth, height, nor breadth in it; neither uncommon strength, nor uncommon refinement of thought, sentiment, or language. It has no originality. But if this author has no research, no moving power in his own breast, he relies with the greater safety and success on the force of his subject. He selects a story such as is sure to please, full of incidents, characters, peculiar manners, costumes, and scenery; and he tells it in a way that can offend no one. He never wearies or disappoints you. He is communicative and garrulous; but he is not his own hero. He never obtrudes himself on your notice to prevent your seeing the subject. What passes in the poem, passes much as it would have done in reality. The author has little or nothing to do with it. Mr. Scott has infinite power of fancy, great vividness of pencil in placing external objects and events before the eye. The force of his mind is picturesque, rather than *moral*. He gives more of the features of nature than the soul of passion. He conveys the distinct outlines and visible changes in outward objects, rather than "their mortal consequences." He is very inferior to Lord Byron in intense passion, to Moore in delightful fancy, to Mr. Wordsworth in profound sentiment; but he has more picturesque power than any of them; that is, he places the objects themselves, about which *they* might

feel and think, in a much more striking point of view, with greater variety of dress and attitude, and with more local truth of colouring. His imagery is Gothic and picturesque. The manners and actions have the interest and curiosity belonging to a wild country and a distant period of time. Few descriptions have a more complete reality, a more striking appearance of life and motion, than that of the warriors in the *Lady of the Lake*, who start up at the command of Roderic Dhu, from their concealment under the fern, and disappear again in an instant. The *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Marmion* are the first, and perhaps the best of his works. The *Goblin Page*, in the first of these, is a very interesting and inscrutable little personage. In reading these poems, I confess I am a little disconcerted, in turning over the page, to find Mr. Westall's pictures, which always seem *fac-similes* of the persons represented, with ancient costume and a theatrical air. This may be a compliment to Mr. Westall, but it is not one to Walter Scott. The truth is, there is a modern air in the midst of the antiquarian research of Mr. Scott's poetry. It is history or tradition in masquerade. Not only the crust of old words and images is worn off with time,—the substance is grown comparatively light and worthless. The forms are old and uncouth; but the spirit is effeminate and frivolous. This is a deduction from the phrase I have given to his pencil for extreme fidelity, though it has been no obstacle to its drawing-room success. He has just hit the town between the romantic and the fashionable; and between the two, secured all classes of readers on his side. In a word, I conceive that he is to the great poet, what an excellent mimic is to a great actor. There is no determinate impression left on the mind by reading his poetry. It has no results. The reader rises up from the perusal with new images and associations, but he remains the same man he was before. A great mind is one that moulds the minds of others. Mr. Scott has put the Border Minstrelsy and scattered traditions of the country into easy, animated verse. But the notes to his poems are just as enter-

taining as the poems themselves, and his poems are only entertaining.

BLOOMFIELD AND CRABBE.

As a painter of simple natural scenery, and of the still life of the country, few writers have more undeniable and assuming pretensions than BLOOMFIELD.

Among the sketches of this sort I would mention, as equally distinguished for delicacy, faithfulness, and *naïveté*, the description of lambs racing, of the pigs going out an acorning, of the boy sent to feed the sheep before the break of day in winter; and also the innocently told story of the poor bird-boy, who in vain through the live-long day expected his promised companions at his hut, to share his feast of roasted sloes with him, as an example of that humble pathos, in which this author excels. The fault indeed of his genius is that it is too humble; his Muse has something not only rustic, but menial in her aspect. He seems afraid of elevating nature, lest she should be ashamed of him. Bloomfield very beautifully describes the lambs in spring time as racing round the hillocks of green turf; Thomson, in describing the same images, makes the mound of earth the remains of an old Roman encampment. Bloomfield never get beyond his own experience; and that is somewhat confined. He gives the simple appearance of nature, but he gives it naked, shivering, and unclothed with the drapery of mortal imagination. His poetry has much the effect of the first approach of spring, "while yet the year is unconfirmed," where a few tender buds venture forth here and there, but chilled by the early frosts and nipping breath of winter. It should seem from this and other instances that have occurred within the last century, that we cannot expect from original genius alone, without education, in modern and more artificial periods, the same bold and independent results as in former periods. And one reason appears to be, that though such persons, from whom we might at first expect a restoration of the good old times of poetry, are not encumbered and enfeebled by the trammels of custom, and

the dull weight of other men's ideas; yet they are oppressed by the consciousness of a want of the common advantages which others have; are looking at the tinsel finery of the age, while they neglect the rich unexplored mine in their own breasts; and instead of setting an example for the world to follow, spend their lives in aping, or in the despair of aping, the hackneyed accomplishments of their inferiors. Another cause may be, that original genius alone is not sufficient to produce the highest excellence, without a corresponding state of manners, passions and religious belief: that no single mind can move in direct opposition to the vast machine of the world around it; that the poet can do no more than stamp the mind of his age upon his works; and that all that the ambition of the highest genius can hope to arrive at, after the lapse of one or two generations, is the perfection of that more refined and effeminate style of studied elegance and adventitious ornament, which is the result, not of nature, but of art. In fact, no other style of poetry has succeeded, or seems likely to succeed, in the present day. The public taste hangs like a millstone round the neck of all original genius that does not conform to established and exclusive models. The writer is not only without popular sympathy, but without a rich and varied mass of materials for his mind to work up and assimilate unconsciously to itself: his attempts at originality are looked upon as affectation, and in the end, degenerate into it from the natural spirit of contradiction, and the constant uneasy sense of disappointment and undeserved ridicule. But to return.

Crabbe is, if not the most natural, the most literal of our descriptive poets. He exhibits the smallest circumstances of the smallest things. He gives the very costume of meanness; the non-essential of every trifling incident. He is his own landscape-painter, and engraver too. His pastoral scenes seem pricked on paper in little dotted lines. He describes the interior of a cottage like a person sent there to distrain for rent. He has an eye to the number of arms in an old worm-eaten chair, and takes care to inform himself and the reader, whether a joint-stool stands upon three legs or upon four.

If a settle by the fire-side stands awry, it gives him as much disturbance as a tottering world; and he records the rent in a ragged counterpane as an event in history. He is equally curious in his back-grounds and in his figures. You know the christian and surname of every one of his heroes,—the dates of their achievements, whether on a Sunday or a Monday,—their place of birth and burial, the colour of their clothes, and of their hair, and whether they squinted or not. He takes an inventory of the human heart exactly in the same manner as of the furniture of a sick room; his sentiments have very much the air of fixtures; he gives you the petrification of a sigh, and carves a tear, to the life, in stone. Almost all his characters are tired of their lives, and you heartily wish them dead. They remind one of anatomical preservations; or may be said to bear the same relation to actual life that a stuffed cat in a glass case does to the real one purring on the hearth: the skin is the same, but the life and the sense of heat is gone. Crabbe's poetry is like a museum, or curiosity shop: every thing has the same posthumous appearance, the same inanimateness and identity of character. Bloomfield is too much of the Farmer's Boy, Crabbe is too much of the parish beadle, an overseer of the country poor. He has no delight beyond the walls of a workhouse, and his officious zeal would convert the world into a vast infirmary. He is a kind of ordinary, not of Newgate, but of nature. His poetical morality is taken from Burn's Justice, or the Statutes against Vagrants. He sets his own imagination in the stocks, and his Muse, like Malvolio, "wears cruel garters." He collects all the petty vices of the human heart, and superintends, as in a panopticon, a select circle of rural malefactors. He makes out the poor to be as bad as the rich—a sort of vermin for the others to hunt down and trample upon, and this he thinks a good piece of work. With him there are but two mortal categories, riches, and poverty, authority and dependence. His parish apprentice, Richard Monday, and his wealthy baronet, Sir Richard Monday, of Monday-place, are the same individual—the extremes of the same character,

and of his whole system. "The latter succeeded in the *still life* of tragedy ; end of his Commonwealth does not who gives the stagnation of hope and forget the beginning : " but his parish fear—the deformity of vice without the ethics are the very worst model for a temptation—the pain of sympathy with-state : any thing more degrading and out the interest—and who seems to rely, helpless cannot well be imagined. He for the delight he is to convey to his exhibits just the contrary view of human reader, on the truth and accuracy with life to that which Gay has done in his which he describes only what is disagree-Beggar's Opera. In a word, Crabbe is able. the only poet who has attempted and

SECRET MEMOIRS OF LUCIEN BUONAPARTE.*

From the Literary Gazette.

THE important share which Lucien Buonaparte had in the French revolution, and in the fortunes of his family ; the eventful nature of his own life, and the circumstances of the times ; render his biography not only peculiarly entertaining, but very eminently interesting. Without entering into any controversy as to the authenticity of the narrative now before us, we shall content ourselves with giving a faithful abstract of its leading features, and shall be much disappointed if our readers do not find therein a good deal of new and curious matter. We shall abstain from the many reflections which the subject suggests, and proceed to our Review at once, only remarking, that the reappearance of Lucien on the political scene near the close of the drama, has afforded us the most pleasure in reading, and will, we hope, be equally acceptable to the public. The *avant-propos* does not give a very satisfactory account of the means by which these 'revelations' of the life of Lucien Buonaparte were acquired. That the work is not his own, is evident from the condemnation which it bestows upon many parts of his character ; that no other person could be continually accessory to his private life for twenty-four years, is also pretty evident. The only way to resolve the mystery, then, is to suppose that the facts have been obtained from the portfolio of Lucien, which we are told (page vii) *has not been always respected*, and cooked up for publication by one of those literary persons who like nothing better than to dabble in secrets.

There has been a family of the name of *Bonaparte* at St. Miniato in Tuscany for more than four centuries, of gentle blood, and distinguished in the annals of arms and literature. It does not appear that the *Buonapartes* of Corsica have made out their alliance with this race ; but when Napoleon in his Italian campaign discovered it, he suppressed the *u* in his patronymic, and claimed a descent from the Tuscan House. But in Corsica itself the *Buonapartes* were among the notables of the island, and the family was fruitful of mayors or *podes-tas*, registers, and bailifs. Charles Buonaparte, the father, died a few years previous to the Revolution, at the age of about thirty-six, leaving three daughters, Marianna (called afterwards Eliza,) Carlotta (afterwards Pauline,) and Annunziata (afterwards Caroline ;) and five sons, Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome.

On the breaking out of the Revolution the young men embraced its cause with ardour, and were obliged to seek refuge in France—they settled at Marseilles.

While Napoleon got introduced to Barras, which laid the foundation of his extraordinary fortunes, Lucien obtained some employment in the Commissariat of the army of the Alps. Having denounced the commissary of Saint Maximin, as an Aristocrat, he slid into his office, and, devoted to women and the Revolution, he passed his time in haranguing the popular Societies, and writing sentimental songs and love verses. His amorous disposition, and his patriotic principles, led him to his marriage in rather a singular way :

* See the last number of the *Athenaeum*, p. 398.

His employment of store-keeper had placed Lucien on terms of intimacy with the family of M. Boyer, who was respectable, though not rich. He was not however without some patrimony, and also kept a species of hotel. M. Boyer was the father of two children; a boy and a girl; the latter, named Christine, had an interesting figure, and possessed a very amiable disposition, although timid and reserved. Lucien, familiarly admitted into the house, became shortly after enamoured of this girl, and soon contrived to create a reciprocal feeling on the part of Christine. This attachment, which increased daily, could not fail to make some noise in a small provincial village. One day, when Lucien had just concluded an oration in favour of equality, made at the assemblage of the people, he was thus accosted in the language of the day by the honest Boyer, who never omitted going to admire his fine speeches: "You have amply proved your equality; and therefore as we are all equal why don't you marry my daughter? You pay court to her, by which her reputation suffers; so that if you are an honest man, you ought not to hesitate." This address, which was made before a great number of patriots, electrified Lucien; but it was absolutely necessary to sustain his reputation, by practising what he preached; he therefore took Boyer by the hand, and giving it a hearty squeeze, exclaimed, "Very well, be it so; I'll marry your daughter."

During the reign of terror, Lucien is described as having acquired so much influence, as to have been the 'Little Robespierre' of Saint Maximin. Driven from this hold by a change of faction, he rejoined his brothers in Paris, without protection or resources. The 13th Vendemiaire, and the massacres at Paris, by a new reaction, threw the Buonapartes again into business; Napoleon was spoken of as a favourite general of the Conventionists, and Lucien was appointed, provisionally, a Commissary of War in the South. He returned to St. Maximin, and, now about the age of 21, married Mademoiselle Boyer in spite of the opposition of his aspiring relations, and devoted himself to her education, in or-

der that she might appear with credit in her more exalted sphere. In 1795—6, Lucien continued to exercise his functions in the South; thence he went to Belgium, where he quarrelled with the 'Ordonnateur' of the division to which he was attached, but whose complaints against him were unavailing, at a period when his brother had achieved the victory of Lodi. Soon after this, commenced the higher political career of Lucien, whose ambition was fired by the success of Napoleon. In 1798, he was elected to the council of five hundred, by the department of Liame, and took the oaths, though under the age (23) prescribed by law. His first appearance in the tribune was in July 1798, and from thence he became a distinguished member of that body. He connected himself with the Abbe Sieyes and his party, and was one of the Committee of Eleven, which superseded the original Directory. Engaged in all the intrigues and struggles for power of the era, Lucien at length paved the way for the elevation of his brother to supreme authority, and, Napoleon returning from Egypt, the celebrated 18th Brumaire consummated the triumph of the Antijacobins, or rather those who were tired of democracy, as neither lifting them to rule, nor maintaining them securely there when the summit was reached. Lucien had by this time abandoned Sieyes, and canvassed a party in favour of his brother; and while some looked to the restoration of the Bourbons, others to a sort of republic, with the Duke of Brunswick as Chief Magistrate, he carried on the successful enterprise which elevated his own family to sovereign sway. At the house of Madame Recamier, the conspirators had their rendezvous, and every thing was prepared for that Revolution in which Lucien shone so conspicuously, which overthrew the executive Directory, and placed France under the control of Sieyes, Napoleon, and Roger Duclos, as provisional Consuls. The chief actor in this stormy scene was made Minister of the Interior. In this capacity, the author gives the following sketch of him:—

"If it is true that Lucien's short administration deserves to be criticised, we

ought at least to agree that it gave a considerable degree of celebrity to the ministry of the Interior. By the adoption of a high tone, great circumspection, and certain studied mysteries of office, Lucien made up for that profound knowledge so necessary to a Minister of State, which he had not time to acquire by long practice—these qualities, which every politician can assume, tended to create opinions highly favourable to his capacity and genius. Without any sacrifice of personal dignity, he also knew how to assume the most amiable suavity of manners towards people of every class; there was, however, a degree of affectation betrayed on such occasions, which proved that the alliance of qualities generally opposite was not altogether natural. As long as he had any important functions to perform, the milder virtues, which emanate from real greatness of soul, were never seen, for his rank absorbed every other consideration on such occasions. But Lucien had one quality entirely peculiar to himself, which was particularly serviceable to his official situation; this was his extreme fondness for public processions and other pompous ceremonies, acquired by his study of the nations of antiquity, and their governments. His imagination, which partook somewhat of the Italian, that is to say, of energy and animation, gave him a turn for all that was solemn and theatrical. Lucien was also of opinion, that public ceremonies produce an amazing effect on the people, and tend considerably to facilitate the action of political government."

The character of his oratory is also worth translating:—

"Lucien has naturally a marked countenance, and expressive physiognomy; his eyes are lively and penetrating; to which he unites a good figure: notwithstanding all these advantages, he could not, during his legislative and ministerial career, acquire that nobleness of mien, and dignity of address, so useful and even necessary to statesmen of eminence. On the contrary, all his assurance was required to hide a certain awkward air of scholastic pedantry, which he seemed still to retain. But time, the habit of frequenting the society of the great, and superiority of that rank which he held

for many years, had latterly enabled him nearly to surmount these defects altogether. It may also be added, that Lucien had very little mastery over the imitative parts of oratory. His voice was by no means favourable to public speaking, being without much strength, rather hoarse, and inclined to a nasal twang. All these defects, which self-love doubtless hid from himself, were, however, compensated by a correct pronunciation, just delivery, fire and sentiment, there being occasional moments in which he elicited some sparks of real eloquence. In general, very few people possess such agreeable talents for conversation as Lucien: he speaks with ease and facility on almost every subject: the flexibility of his mind immediately suggests the language he should adopt, and every one is addressed according to the profession he exercises, or the rank he occupies. But it was as a minister of state that he always wished to shine."

The transition of the *First Consul*, apparently the head of a Republic, to the Despotic monarch, was (says our author) not only not opposed by Lucien, but mainly indebted to his cooperation for success. His purpose was to share the supreme power with Napoleon,—he the Consul governing France, and his brother the Consul commanding the armies, and directing the foreign relations. But the army gave the advantage to the equally ambitious military chief; and Lucien, defeated in his object, came to an open rupture with his fraternal rival. Their altercations were frequent and angry; and it is even said that Napoleon once called in his guard to turn out "that Citizen, who failed in respect to the Chief Consul." The dissolute life of Lucien gave his opponents the ascendancy, and the family faction of the Beauharnois, aided by Fouché, prevailed against him. A pamphlet, attributed to him, entitled '*Parallel between Cromwell, Monk, and Buonaparte*,' and tending to restore the exiled Bourbons, completed the disunion, and the two brothers separated in so violent a manner as to render their reconciliation almost impossible. Lucien, as a decent banishment, was appointed ambassador to Spain, where Charles the IVth received

him most magnificently as the near relation of the greatest man in all the world, whom, as His Majesty told a groom, sent with a present of horses to Paris, he would willingly give one of his fingers to see:—he saw him at last, and lost more than a finger!—Lucien (says his biographer) “soon acquired the most unlimited confidence of their Catholic Majesties; but his principal efforts were made to gain the favour of a great princess, and in this he succeeded; at least, it is certain that in one of his confidential dispatches, the minister boasted of the pains he had taken to insinuate himself into the good graces of such an august personage: he declared, however, that it would be difficult for him to persevere in his assiduities. On returning from his embassy, Lucien did not fail to shew the public how vain he was of his success in so high a quarter, and determined that it should be known, by letting part of a gold chain worn round his neck be seen, at the end of which hung a superb medallion encircled with brilliants, and containing the portrait, a flattering one, no doubt, of the great princess, though an old lady, of whom he had made a conquest.

The extraordinary attention and kindnesses evinced towards Lucien, while at the Spanish capital, served to increase his fortune, while it contributed to the success of those schemes which he had in contemplation for the further aggrandizement of his family. He had in fact so completely gained the confidence of the royal couple, and penetrated their secrets, that Lucien was not afraid of outstripping time, by doing that for the First Consul in 1801, which the Emperor Napoleon dared not effect till he had subjugated nearly all Europe in 1810. Although there was no longer any hopes of Josephine becoming a mother, yet an heir was necessary to Buonaparte, not only as it affected the permanency of his elevation, but the stability of his power. This gave rise to a project on the part of Lucien, who conceived the idea of replacing the sterile wife, by a young and beautiful infanta of Spain—one of the august House of Bourbon, as by this alliance he hoped to give the new dynasty a better title to the throne, or at least to connect it with that which France had no further any expectation of recovering.

To be continued.

TRAVELS

IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES, IN 1816 AND 1817. BY LIEUT. F. HALL.

From the Literary Gazette, July 1818.

LIEUTENANT Hall, of the half pay of the 14th Light Dragoons, is as good a democrat and republican in his principles, as one could wish to bring them a favourable report of the land of democracy and republicanism. We use these terms in no reproachful sense, for the thing they denote may be good or bad, but merely for the purpose of preparing our readers for a view of America through a medium of partiality which classes this writer with those who find every thing to admire in that region of freedom, and not with those who have discovered nothing there but what was low and loathsome. Perhaps the truth, as is generally the case, lies between these extremes; but it is curious to remark, that Europe has yet scarcely been presented with an account of America

which did not savour strongly of party prejudices and partisan feelings either on one side or the other.

Lieut. Hall left Liverpool in January 1816, and landed at New York. Here he discovered that American periodical literature was at a low ebb, and that pigeons flock annually northward, from the back, central, and southern States, in incredible numbers. An eye-witness told him that “he observed a flock passing betwixt Frankfort and the Indiana Territory one mile at least in breadth; it took up four hours in passing, which, at the rate of one mile per minute, gives a length of 240 miles, and supposing three pigeons to each square yard, gives 2,230,272,000 pigeons!!!” (We remember a sort of mechanical Munchausen, of the name of Windrim, in our native

village, who saw a bird so large that its head alone was visible at nightfall, and by morning, though it flew over the town all night, its tail was only clearing the place: the poor man had one child who, in memory of this vision, got the name of *Windrim's bird*, which we dare say he bears to this hour.) Our eye-witness of the birds in America, we hope he has a family, adds, very sagaciously, that their breeding places are many miles in extent (2 millions of millions could not conveniently breed in a small space;) and birds of prey glut themselves above, and hogs and other animals are fattened below, on the squabs which tumble down and cover the ground on every high wind. Our author subjoins on other authority (Lahontan's) that the turtle doves were so numerous in Canada in 1687, that the Bishop was forced to excommunicate them.

We leave these fables and New York together in the steam-boat for Albany; and thence, after looking at the Falls of Mohawk, said to be next of any in the States to Niagara in breadth, though only 50 feet high, to the Canadian frontier. In describing a part of this route, we have a very excellent comparison:

"Lake George unites with Lake Champlain by a narrow stream, on the right bank of which rises Mount Defiance; and on the opposite side of Lake Champlain, Mount Independence; names which bespeak their military fame in days of old, but now, like retired country gentlemen, they are content to raise Oak and Pine woods instead of frowning batteries."

Advancing into Canada, we have a view of Quebec and its neighbourhood. The little village of Loretto—"Contains the only surviving relics of the once powerful Huron Nation, about forty heads of families; so efficaciously have disease and gunpowder seconded the converting zeal of Europeans. It stands on the left bank of the Charles, about four miles below the lake, and eight from Quebec. I found the children amusing themselves with little bows and arrows. The houses had generally an air of poverty and slowness: that however of their principal chief, whom I visited, was neat and comfortable. One of their

old men gave me a long account of the manner in which the Jesuits had contrived to trick them out of their Seignorial rights, and possession of the grant of land made them by the King of France, which consisted, originally of four leagues, by one in breadth."

A party of the Mickmac Tribe were encamped on the opposite shore from Quebec: they are almost the only Indians to be seen about that place. It consisted of four tents raised with pine poles, and covered with the bark of the white-birch. Altogether they resembled gipsies, and afforded but an imperfect idea of the savage life.—Lieut. Hall next took a jaunt to Kamouraska. He gives a very unfavourable account of the North-west Company—Lord Selkirk's adversaries.

"Malbay is the last settlement on the North bank of the St. Laurence. The only habitation beyond it is a trading house of the North-west Company, who drive a pretty gainful traffic with the Indians of the neighbourhood, taking their furs at a shilling each, and selling them those commodities custom has rendered necessities at their own price; no pains nor even violence being spared to prevent any competition likely to diminish their profits. A striking instance of this spirit occurred last year at Pistole. Nearly opposite to their trading port is a Canadian fishery, the business of which is generally carried on during the spring, when the fish frequent the South side of the river: last year, owing to a scarcity of salt, it was necessarily put off until the autumn, when the fish are found on the North bank; but when the fishermen attempted to pursue their vocation in this direction, they were set upon by an armed party of the subaltern Agents of the North-west Company, their oars and boat tackling destroyed, and themselves set adrift at the mercy of the elements. Fortunately they succeeded in gaining the shore."

We do not observe any thing peculiarly meriting extract in the remaining notices of this excursion, though it is generally interesting; and therefore skip at once towards Montreal. The village of 'Trois Rivières' on this road—"contains an Ursuline Convent, which marks

it for a place of some note in a Catholic country ; but it is still more worthy of distinction for being the residence of the Abbé de Calonne, brother to the French minister of that name, so unfortunately memorable. This excellent old man, on the return of Louis XVIII. to France, came into possession of property (chiefly forest lands, which had remained in the hands of the government) to the value of 3000*l.* per ann. the whole of which he immediately divided betwixt his nephews ; - - - For himself he considers it wealth enough that he is able to employ the evening of life in acts of piety and benevolence towards his little cure, whose tears will honour his bier, and their grateful remembrance be all his glory upon earth.

"The Canadians bear (says the writer) a considerable antipathy to the Americans, whom they denominate '*Sacres Bostonnois.*' I believe it to arise principally from religious prejudices."

There is a pleasing anecdote of patriotism related of the Canadians during the late war :—"While Sir George Prevost was at Montreal, a body of several hundred peasants, from the remotest settlements of the province, came to wait upon him ; each man was armed with whatever weapon he could procure on the occasion, and all were clothed and provisioned for immediate service : An old man, who had been a soldier in the revolutionary war, was at their head, who thus addressed Sir George : "My General, we heard you were in difficulty, and have marched to your assistance ; I have served myself, and, though an old man, do not think I am quite incapable of duty." Sir George, strongly affected with this instance of attachment, accepted their services, and they acted as a separate body during the whole of the campaign."

Having traversed Upper Canada, Lieut. Hall re-entered the United States, and travelled through the Western country of New York.

"From Canandaigua we turned from the main road nine miles SW. to visit what is called "the burning spring," lately discovered. Turning a little from the road, we entered a small but thick wood of pine and maple, inclosed within

a narrow ravine, the steep sides of which, composed of dark clay-slate, rise to the height of about forty feet. Down this glen, whose width, at its entrance, may be about 60 yards, trickles a scanty streamlet, wandering from side to side, as scattered rocks or fallen trees afford or deny it passage. We had advanced on its course about fifty yards, when close under the rocks of the right bank we perceived a bright red flame, burning briskly on its waters. Pieces of lighted wood being applied to different adjacent spots, a space of several yards was immediately in a blaze. Being informed by our guide, that a repetition of this phenomenon might be seen higher up the glen, we scrambled on for about 100 yards, and, directed in some degree by a strong smell of sulphur, applied our match to several places, with the same effect. The rocky banks here approach so closely as to leave little more than a course to the stream, whose stony channel formed our path : sulphur in several places oozed from them abundantly. We advanced about 70 yards further, when we found the glen terminate in a perpendicular rock about 30 feet high, overgrown with moss, and encumbered with fallen pine trees, through which the drops, at this dry period of the season, scarcely trickled. - - - These fires, we were told, continue burning unceasingly, unless extinguished by accident. The phenomenon was discovered by the casual rolling of some lighted embers from the top of the bank, while it was clearing for cultivation. In the intensity and duration of the flame, it probably exceeds any thing yet discovered : I could, however, find no traces of a spring in its whole course : the water on which the first fire was burning, had indeed a strange appearance, and probably was so from the failure of the current ; but it had no peculiar taste or smell, was of the ordinary temperature, and but a few inches deep ; a few bubbles indicated the passage of the inflammable air thro' it : on applying a match to the adjacent parts of the dry rock, a momentary flame played along it also. These circumstances induced us to consider the bed of the streamlet as accidentally affording an outlet to the inflammable air from below,

and the water, as in some degree performing the part of a candle wick, by preventing its immediate dispersion into the atmosphere."

This is undoubtedly a very curious phenomenon, and we have only to add, that there are considerable sulphur springs nine miles NW. from its site, and a similar vapour near the junction of the Elk River with the great Kanhaway. Wolves and bears are occasionally met with in this vicinity; one of the latter had recently carried off a pig close to the town of Rochester, which is built near a still unbroken forest of oak, hickory,

ash, beech, bass, elm, and walnut. Racoons, porcupines, black and grey squirrels, and foxes, are numerous; but the hogs of cultivation have done good service in destroying the rattle-snakes. In their route some game was shot—quails, woodcocks, and partridges. The first are very abundant; the second smaller than ours, and its breast and belly of a dirtyish pink; and the last is properly a species of pheasant, very nearly resembling our hen-pheasant, both in size and plumage, and is seldom found but in the woods.

Conclusion in our next.

ORIGIN OF SIGNS OF INNS.*

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE CANNON.

THIS sign does not appear to be quite so prevalent in this kingdom as it was in the year 1738, when the *Craftsman* was published, in which it is said, "nothing is more common in England than the sign of a Cannon."

The name is derived from the Italian *cannone*, an augmentation of *canna*, cane, because a cannon is long, straight, and hollow, like a cane. The first cannons were called *bombardæ* from *bombus*, by reason of their noise.

James Petit Andrews, in his "Anecdotes" says, "The inventor of that grotesque species of poetry called *Maccaronic*, was Theophilus Folengo, better known by the name of *Merlino Caccio*. He formed a kind of language from the Latin and Italian, and scrupled not to introduce other tongues when convenient.

Larrey states that brass cannon were invented by J. Owen, an Englishman, and were first known in this kingdom in 1535, and that iron cannon were first cast in England in 1547. Mezeray says, that Edward III. at the battle of Cressy in 1346, struck terror into the French army by 5 or 6 pieces of cannon; but Father Daniel produces a proof from the Records of the Chamber of Accounts at Paris, that cannon and gunpowder were used in 1338. The Germans attribute the invention of cannon to Albertus Magnus, a Dominican Monk, so early as the year 1250.

Louis XIV. had inscribed upon several of his pieces, "*Ratio ultima Regum*;" and it is said, that Oliver Cromwell had written on his cannon, "O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise."

Dr. Darwin, in a note to his *Economy of Vegetation*, says, "Gunpowder is plainly described in the works of Roger Bacon before the year 1267. He describes it in a curious manner, mentioning the sulphur and nitre, but conceals the charcoal in an anagram. The words are, "*sed tamen salis petrae lure mope cum ubre et sulphuris, et sic facies tonitrum et corruscationem, si scias, artificium*." The words *lure mope cum ubre*, are an anagram of *carbonum pulvere*. As Bacon does not claim this as his own invention, it is thought by many to have been of much more ancient discovery." In a letter, however, to John of Paris, quoted in "*Seward's Anecdotes*," Bacon is more explicit: he says, "*In omnem distantiam quam volumus, possumus artificialiter componere ignem comburentem ex sale petrae et aliis, viz. sulphure et carbonum pulvere. Præter hanc (scilicet combustionem) sunt alia stupenda, nam soni velut tonitrus et corruscationes fieri possunt in aere, immo majore horrore quam illa quæ fiunt per naturam*."

THE CARDINAL'S CAP

on inns at Melborne, &c. is an appropriate allusion to that eminent statesman, John

* Continued from page 340.

Morton, who, according to some writers, was born in that town in 1409, though others assign the honour of his nativity to Bere Regis in the same county. He was consecrated Bp. of Ely in 1578; and for opposing Richard III. in his assumption of the crown, was committed a prisoner to Brecknock castle under the custody of the Duke of Buckingham, whom he persuaded to revolt against Richard. Morton shortly afterwards fled to Flanders, and joined the Earl of Richmond: thus Shakspeare makes Richard exclaim,

"Ely with Richmond touches me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength."

The Bishop is said to have concerted those measures which happily led to the union of the rival houses of York and Lancaster by the marriage of Richmond, then Henry VII. with Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward IV. which was solemnized at Westminster, January 18, 1486. For these services Morton was made Lord Chancellor, translated to the Archbishoprick of Canterbury, and obtained a *Cardinal's hat*. He died in 1500, and was buried in Canterbury Cathedral.

Pope Leo X. is said to have accom-

panied his letters of thanks to Henry VIII. for his answer to Luther on the Babylonian captivity, with the present of a *Cardinal's cap*; and hence Henry is generally delineated with a cap of that description on his head, instead of a crown. The title of "Defender of the Faith," conferred on him by Leo X. and confirmed by Clement VII. was not, as commonly supposed, created in his favour, but merely revived, as it belonged antiently to the Kings of England, though it had not been generally assumed by them. "We are, and will be, defenders of the Catholic faith" is an expression to be found in the writs of Richard II.

Among the curiosities of Strawberry-hill, collected by its celebrated possessor, Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, and described in vol. II. of his Works, in the Holbein Chamber is "The *red hat* of Cardinal Wolsey, found in the Great Wardrobe by Bishop Burnet when clerk of the closet. From his son, the Judge, it came to the Countess of Albemarle, who gave it to Mr. Walpole."

The Cardinals first began to wear the red hat at the Council of Lyons, in 1243.

DRAMATIC.

From the New Monthly Magazine, July, 1818.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

ON the 22nd of April, a new tragedy by Mr. Shiel, the successful author of *The Apostate*, was brought forward at this house, by the title of *Bellarima, or the Fall of Tunis*. The fable is as follows:

Count Manfredi, a Neapolitan nobleman, in slavery at Tunis, learning that Charles the Fifth is marching against the pirates, arms his Christian fellow-slaves against their tyrants, becomes their leader, and engages by a solemn oath that not even liberty, not the embraces of his wife and child, shall make him abandon the common cause. A new capture of slaves arrives. He beholds a child dragged from its frantic mother---it is Bellamira, his wife: he attempts to rescue her from the corsairs, who are about to murder him, when Montalto, the governor of Tunis, appears and saves him. Montalto had been admiral of Venice: unjustly stigmatized as a traitor, and his wife and only child murdered, as he believed, by his own brother, he fled to Tunis, where he had rendered such important services to the infidels, as to be appointed vicegerent to Harradin, during his absence on the expedition against the Spaniards. Montalto beholds Bellamira and pities her---he hears her name---it was that of his lost daughter---he restores her to freedom, her husband and her child. At this jun-

ture, Amurat, another renegade, arrives from the Tunisian camp with an order to supersede Montalto as governor of Tunis, and to put to death the chief of the Christian slaves. He would spare the latter at the solicitation of Montalto, but that he finds him to be his mortal foe. Montalto provides a ship to carry away Manfredi and his family: but Manfredi remains true to his oath, and Bellamira will not leave her husband. During the conflict Amurat enters, recognises Manfredi, causes him to be dragged away in chains, and seizes Bellamira, the object of his early love, to carry off whom he had leagued with banditti, for which he had been degraded from his nobility, branded on the forehead as a robber, and exiled from his country. It was Manfredi who defeated this plan, occasioned his disgrace, and thus inflamed his revenge and jealousy. Salerno, the supposed father of Bellamira, who had been made captive with her, meets Montalto, who discovers him to be his brother, and learns from him that his daughter lives, and that she is the same Bellamira who is then in the power of Amurat. The latter has meanwhile forced Bellamira to his barem; she seizes a poniard, and threatens to stab herself if he approaches. He introduces her husband, who is doomed to instant death, unless she complies with his licentious desires. She

continues resolute. He then brings in her child—the dagger drops from her hand. Amurat is about to seize her, when Montalto rushes in; a scene of mutual recognition takes place between the father and daughter, who, with the other captives are consigned to a dungeon. Meanwhile the Christian slaves, having matured their plans, rise against their oppressors, and Amurat is called away to oppose them. Discomfited by the insurgents, he returns to the prison wounded, bloody, and his branded forehead bare, stabs Montalto, and

attempts, but without success to dispatch the child, when Montalto, mustering his last remains of strength, plunges a dagger in his heart. Manfredi rushes in at the head of the victorious slaves, he is locked in the embraces of his wife and child, and the curtain falls.

The characters were ably embodied by the performers to whom they were assigned, and the piece was received by a crowded audience with the most decided applause. The prologue and epilogue were delivered by Mr. Connor and Miss Brunton.

THE IMPERIAL TOURISTS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MS. NOTES OF THEIR IMPERIAL HIGHNESSES THE AUSTRIAN ARCHDUKES.

From the New Monthly Magazine, June, 1819.

FROM Manchester we took the road to Wigan. We reached the canal in the neighbourhood of Worsley, where it runs into the coal-mine of the Duke of Bridgewater. We went into a boat, and began our subterraneous voyage. The breadth of the canal is about two fathoms. The voyage lasted about two hours to the farthest end of the tunnel. The farther you proceed on the canal, the more coals are visible. From an opening in the chalky hill rises a kind of gas, which for twenty-six years has burnt like a taper: by allowing it to consume itself in this manner, the danger of explosion is prevented. The miners do not fail to relate to the visitors how a certain lord broiled some beef-steaks over this flame. This immense coal-mine belonged to the Duke of Bridgewater, who, not being able to dispose of the prodigious quantity of its produce, conceived the idea of digging this canal. A Mr. Brindley, by trade a miller, undertook the direction of the astonishing work. In order to complete the undertaking, the Duke limited his personal expenses to 400l. sterling. Without contracting any debts, he brought the gigantic design to a happy conclusion; a design of which some idea may be formed, when we state, that at present 150 boats are employed in the subterraneous passage, and 350 others in the open canals, and that 800 tons of coals per month are raised. The wages of the workmen amount to 68,000l. sterling a year. The heirs of the Duke of Bridgewater, who died without children, have let these mines, for which they receive a rent of between eighty and ninety thousand pounds per annum.

On the 18th of November we arrived at Liverpool, where we had the pleasure of becoming immediately acquainted with Mr. Roscoe and his son, which gave us the advantage of seeing all the curiosities of the town in the short time we could bestow upon them. The very evening of our arrival we visited that magnificent structure the Bank. It forms three sides of a square, the fourth side of which is occupied by another equally magnificent building, which contains courts of justice, prisons, &c. In the middle of this beautiful square, is placed Nelson's monument, which was raised by a subscription that amounted to 9,000l. as soon as it was opened. Mr. Wyatt superintended the execution of this monument, which was not completed till the 21st of October, 1813. The pedestal is of Westmoreland marble. Below are four figures representing prisoners, in allusion to the four victories of St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar; on the four sides of the pedestal are bas-reliefs of bronze representing several of Nelson's achievements. As an inscription they have chosen the last injunction of the hero before the battle of Trafalgar: *England expects every man to do his duty.* The figures forming the principal groups are, Nelson, Victory, Death, and Britannia mourning the fate of the hero. The admiral has one foot upon a vanquished enemy, and the other upon a cannon. His look is fixed upon the Goddess of Victory, who fastens a naval crown to the sword on which his left hand reclines: he had lost his right arm, the want of which is concealed by a flag

taken from the enemy, which Victory has thrown over it. Under the folds of the flag, Death is perceived, emblematic of the hero's receiving at the same moment the mortal ball and the reward of his bravery. The British navy is represented by a sailor mourning, and England by a female figure who holds a laurel in her hand, and leans upon a sword and shield: she expresses the feelings of the nation, divided between joy and grief, at a victory purchased with such a loss. Though this monument is, without dispute uncommonly fine, yet it would be far more beautiful without the figures of the four prisoners.

On Sunday, the 19th, we went to Al-lerton, a country seat of Mr. Roscoe. We found there a capital collection of pictures, and a select library, which contains all the curious productions of Italian literature. Mr. Roscoe, celebrated as the author of the *Lives of Lorenzo de' Medicis* and *Leo the Tenth*, has never been in Italy, but speaks the Italian very well, and corresponds with the most distinguished literati of that country.

On the 20th we visited many manufactories in Liverpool: a great rope manufactory, a machine to saw boards, and a sugar refinery, which appeared to us inferior to those we have seen in Austria. There are nine such refineries in Liverpool. The Botanic Garden is very large, and rich in exotic plants; it seemed a fault that the shrubs and herbaceous plants are placed in picturesque groups, as in pleasure grounds, by which the object of a Botanic garden, namely, the study of the science, is rendered more difficult. An institution worth seeing, and which does honour to the inhabitants of Liverpool, is the School of Industry for the Blind, which was established by subscription. The building forms a long parallelogram: it contains dormitories for the blind, and rooms for their instruction; and in the rear of the house are several workshops. Blind persons of all ages are received, well lodged and provided for. In the year 1814 there were 411 in this house. Their principal work consists in spinning, basket making, cloth and carpet weaving, &c.; those who have a capacity for music are instructed in it. We heard several of them sing; they had very pleasing voices.

We afterwards visited the docks, of which there are three kinds: the first and most important are the Wet Docks, designed chiefly for foreign trade, where large and heavy ships are unloaded. In these docks the water is retained by flood-gates, so that the vessels do not lie dry even at low water. The second are the Dry Docks, so called because they are dry at low water; they receive the vessels destined for the coasting trade.—The third are the Graving Docks, where the water is let in and out at pleasure, and which are employed to repair ships. We saw the docks all full of vessels. It is hardly possible to form an idea of the impression which this forest of masts in the harbour of Liverpool produces; but they give an idea of the trade of this town, which includes almost the whole commerce of Great Britain with Asia and Africa. Liverpool will soon draw to itself a great part of the East India trade. Its population visibly increases, and is estimated at present at 100,000 souls.

On the 21st we left Liverpool and proceeded to Lancaster. We there visited the ancient Castle, which now contains courts of justice and prisons. The archives are preserved in a tower, which is wholly lighted from above, and in which it is affirmed that documents are preserved for above four centuries back. A second tower, built by John, Duke of Lancaster, is used as a work-house; from the terrace you enjoy a very extensive prospect.

The following day we proceeded on our journey to Glasgow; the country is high and unfruitful, but it is cultivated as much as possible. Beyond Lancaster the beauty of the country diminishes; its appearance changes, and indicates a less degree of opulence in the inhabitants. The road continues to ascend. Near Staveley are seen four ranges of mountains, rising amphitheatrically one above the other. The lake of Winandermere here meets the view; it is the largest of the lakes among these mountains, being several miles in length, but it is very narrow, and has many bendings. It affords a beautiful prospect, particularly after passing through the abovementioned barren country. The summits of the mountains are also dry and uninteresting;

but the foot of them is clothed in a picturesque manner, with woods, gardens, and country seats. To the south the lake is connected with the sea; to the north the mountains rise higher, and bound the prospect. Little rivulets flow from this range; these were the first springs we had seen in England.

Keswick, where we slept, lies between the highest mountains in these parts. In one of the two museums in the town we found a collection of the most admirable natural productions of the county of Cumberland; particularly beautiful and uncommonly large pieces of spar of different kinds. We were then taken to Bankes' black-lead pencil manufactory. It receives its black-lead from Borrowdale, where the mine is worked by a company. Above forty different sorts of black-lead pencils are made in Bankes' manufactory: the lead is extremely clean; it is sawed into narrow slips; the cedar is cut into small pieces, which are then hollowed out with a plane; the black lead is dipped in glue, and laid in the hollow, a piece of wood is glued over it, and the pencil made round with a pecu-

liar instrument. Mr. Bankes has a turning machine for this purpose, but it was not at work, and I conjecture that he found the operation may be performed as quickly by the hand.

We visited General Peachey, who has a country house in a pleasant island in the middle of the lake. The whole island is a garden. The view over the lake is very beautiful, and must be still more so in summer. The air seems milder here than elsewhere. The landscape has something of a gloomy character; but in our opinion it is one of the most beautiful in England. Near Keswick is a mountain called Skiddaw; its elevation is 3500 feet above the level of the sea; and from its summit you may see Scotland and the Isle of Man.

From Keswick the road ascends again. On one hill stand forty blocks of stone, 5½ feet high, in a circle, and in the middle of them a block 7 feet high; according to an ancient tradition, they are called Druids' stones. In the neighbourhood of Penrith the country again becomes barren. Here and there we observed some turf moors.

CORNUCOPIA.

From the European Magazine, June 1816.

WONDER.

IT seems the peculiar property of weak understandings, to wonder at what they see, and to spend that time in being surprised, which men of sense would employ in discovering the meaning of that which caused such surprise. Pere Schiner, a Jesuit of peculiar slow talents, although a good mathematician, was sent, well-pensioned, from Vienna to Rome, in order, probably, to write some account of that celebrated place, for the entertainment of his benefactor, the Emperor. He wondered at every thing he saw in his passage through Italy, exclaiming, as we are told by Naudé, "How I do wonder at these people! They pay one with fine speeches; they live upon sallads; and they pelt one another with pebbles!" The wonderer finished his tour just as one would expect, and carried home to his Imperial Master a large flint stone, which he had

been taught to wonder at, and to purchase at a high rate, as genuine Oriental bezoar. Naudé tells this story as of his own knowledge, but does not name the Emperor who made so sagacious a choice.

But since in spite of all sarcasms, all admonitions, wonderers there will be, let us in charity endeavour to supply them with a few remarkably well-attested histories of events, so very surprising and so strangely unaccountable, that gaping and staring at them may be allowed, even to persons of common sense. The following tale, which exactly suits the purpose, would not deserve a place in any book, except the Adventures of Baron Munchausen (a book written to amuse such as can be amused with improbable, though ingenious, lies,) had it not been told in a public company by no less respectable a man than Dr. Henry Seabury, an American Bishop. He

mentioned, as an instance of the long retention of life in some animals, that he was present at West-Chester, in the province of New York, when the body of a turtle, intended for dinner (its head having been previously cut off,) was unaccountably missing. In spite of a long search, it was not found till the next day, and then it was discovered in a field, near two miles from the house, to which it was believed to have found its own way, although two or three low fences must have been, some how or other, passed by it. To add to the wonder, it was so full of life after it was brought home, that while the master was chiding his servant for his negligence, the headless trunk had actually found its way out of doors, and was returning to its old haunt.

Wonderers may, if they please, exert their amazement at the astonishing longevity of a tortoise, who was seen in good health at Bombay, on the Malabar Coast, by Captain Sutherland, who commanded an Indiaman in or about the year 1762. This venerable animal had been left by the Portuguese as an heirloom, when they delivered up the fortress to the English, as part of the portion of Princess Katherine, in 1662. The strength of this creature's shell enabled him to bear the weight of three soldiers at a time, and, old as he was, he would make a very considerable circuit, daily, to collect his common provender.

And that we may contribute our own particular share toward the amusement of the wonderers, with whom we have made so free, we beg leave to tell them of a yew-tree, at Perrone, in Picardy, which in our earlier years affected us with more astonishment than any object we ever saw. It grew in the centre of the cloister, near the Great Church: and before it was lopped, it had darkened the whole building, and completely covered the cloister. Its trunk was prodigiously large, more so than that of any tree we had ever seen before, or have seen since. But the more than traditional history of the tree is a genuine subject for wonder. The monk

who, with great politeness, did the honours of the place, affirmed, that in the Tresor there was still existing the grant of those lands, being then a wood of yew trees, on which the church is built, dated in the year 660. That in the said grant, the present yew-tree is particularly directed to remain (the rest of the wood being rooted out) as a centre to the building, and is pointed out by the name of *The Old Yew-Tree*. No tree perhaps, had ever its antiquity carried up quite so high before, and upon such very plausible authority.

Naudé gives great food for wonderers, when he speaks of a species of scorpions in Italy, which are not only innocent, but so domestic as to be put between sheets to cool the beds during the heat of the weather in summer.

The following artless narrative may also assuredly be wondered at, without justly drawing any charge of folly on the wonderers. It is an extract from a memorandum-book, in the hand-writing of Paul Bowes, Esq. son of Sir Thomas Bowes, of London, and of Bromley Hall, Essex, Knight, and dated 1673. The memorandum-book is now in the possession of Mr. Brooke, of Nacton, in Suffolk, who is a descendant from the family, and who had in his possession, in 1783, when the extract was made, two or three of the pieces of money referred to in the story.

"About the year 1658, after I had been some years settled in the Middle Temple, in a chamber in Elm-court, up three pair of stairs, one night as I came into my chamber in the dark, I went into my study in the dark, to lay down my gloves upon the table in my study, for I then, being my own man, placed my things in their certain places, that I could go to them in the dark, and as I layed my gloves down, I felt under my hand a piece of money, which I then supposed, by feeling, to be a shilling; but when I had light, I found it a twenty-shilling piece of gold; I did a little reflect how it might come there, yet could not satisfy my own thoughts, for I had no client then, it being several years before I was called to the bar, and

I had few visitors that might by accident drop it there, and no friends in town that might designedly lay it there as a bait to encourage me at my study; and, although I was the master of some gold, yet I had so few pieces, I well knew it was none of my number: but, however, this being the first time I found gold, I supposed it left there by some means which I could not guess at. About three weeks after, coming again into my chamber in the dark, and laying down my gloves at the same place in my study, I felt under my hand a piece of money, which also proved a twenty-shilling piece of gold; this moved me to further consideration; but after all my thoughtfulness, I could not imagine any probable way how the gold could come there, and thereupon I was tempted to feel oftentimes, in the dark, in that place for more gold there, but I don't remember that I ever found any when I went for those expectations and desires. About a month after the second time, coming into my chamber in the dark, and laying down my gloves in the same place, on the table in my study, as I used to do, I felt two pieces of money under my hand, which, after I had lighted my candle, I found to be two twenty-shilling pieces; and about the distance of six weeks after, in the same place and in the dark, I found another piece of gold, and this about the distance of a month, or five or six weeks. I several times after, at the same place, and always in the dark, found twenty-shilling pieces of gold. At length being with my cousin Langton, grandmother to my cousin Susan Skipwith, lately married to Sir John Williams, I told her this story; and I don't remember that I ever found any gold there after, although I kept that chamber about two years longer before I sold it to Mr. Anthony Weldon, who now hath it (this being the 23d of September, 1673.) Thus I have to the best of my remembrance truly stated this fact: but could never know, or have any probable conjecture, how that gold was laid there."

From the London Literary Gazette.

APPARITION OF CAPT. CAMPBELL.

Scotland has been famous, time immemorial, for stories of ghosts, witches,

and all supernatural appearances. Whether these are or are not founded on variations of the principle of second sight, we leave to the profound investigation of the illuminati of the Northern Athens, and content ourselves with extracting a grave and, *no doubt*, authentic fact from a recent Number of a very excellent and amusing monthly work which emanates from that intellectual city. In justice to our able contemporary we name Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

A lady, wife to a gentleman of respectable property on the borders of Argyleshire, was, about the middle of the last century, left a widow, with the management of an embarrassed estate and the care of an only son. The young gentleman approached that period of life when it was necessary that he should be sent into the world in some active professional line. The natural inclination of the youth, like most others of that age and country, was to enter the army, a disposition which his mother saw with anxiety, as all the perils of the military profession were aggravated to her imagination by maternal tenderness, and a sense of her own desolate situation. A circumstance however occurred, which induced her to grant her consent to her son's embracing this course of life with less reluctance than it would otherwise have been given.

A Highland gentleman named Campbell (we suppress his designation,) and nearly related to Mrs. —, was about this time named to the command of one of the independent companies, levied for protecting the peace of the Highlands, and preventing the marauding parties, in which the youth of the wilder clans were still occasionally exercised. These companies were called *cidier-dhu*, i. e. black soldiers, to distinguish them from the *Sidier-roy*, or red soldiers, of the regular army; and hence, when embodied into a marching regiment (the well known forty-second,) the corps long retained, and still retains, the title of the Black Watch. At the period of the story the independent companies retained their original occupation, and were generally considered as only liable to do duty in their native country. Each of these corps consisted of about three hundred

men, using the Highland garb and arms, and commanded by such gentlemen as the Brunswick government imagined they might repose confidence in. They were understood to engage only to serve in the Highlands, and no where else, and were looked upon rather as a kind of volunteers than as regular soldiers.

A service of this limited nature, which seemed to involve but little risk of actual danger, and which was to be exercised in his native country alone, was calculated to remove many of the objections which a beloved mother might be supposed to have against her only son entering into the army. She had also the highest reliance on the kindness and affection of her kinsman, Captain Campbell, who, while he offered to receive the young gentleman as a cadet into his independent company, gave her his solemn assurance to watch over him in every respect as his own son, and to prevent his being exposed to any unnecessary hazard until he should have attained the age and experience necessary for his own guidance. Mrs. — greatly reconciled to parting with her son in consequence of these friendly assurances on the part of his future commander, it was arranged that the youth should join the company at a particular time; and in the mean while, Mrs. —, who was then residing at Edinburgh, made the necessary preparations for his proper equipment.

These had been nearly completed, when Mrs. — received a piece of melancholy intelligence, which again unsettled her resolution; and while it filled her with grief on account of her relation, awakened in the most cruel manner all the doubts and apprehensions which his promises had lulled to sleep. A body of Katerns, or freebooters, belonging, if I mistake not, to the country of Lochiel, had made a descent upon a neighbouring district of Argyleshire, and driven away a considerable *creagh*, or spoil of cattle. Captain Campbell, with such of his independent company as he could assemble upon a sudden alarm, set off in pursuit of the depredators, and after a fatiguing march came up with them. A slight skirmish took place, in the course of which the cattle were recovered, but not before Captain Campbell had received a

severe wound. It was not immediately, perhaps not necessarily, mortal, but was rendered so by want of shelter and surgical assistance, and the same account, which brought to Edinburgh an account of the skirmish, communicated to Mrs. — the death of her affectionate kinsman. To grief for his loss, she had now to add the painful recollection, that her son, if he pursued the line which had been resolved on, would be deprived, of the aid, countenance, and advice, of the person to whose care, as to that of a father, she had resolved to confide him. And the very event, which was otherwise so much attended with grief and perplexity, served to shew that the service of the independent companies, however limited in extent, did not exempt those engaged in it from mortal peril. At the same time, there were many arguments against retracting her consent, or altering a plan in which so much progress had been already made; and she felt as if, on the one hand, she sacrificed her son's life, if she permitted him to join the corps; on the other, that his honour or spirit might be called in question, by her obliging him to renounce the situation. These contending emotions threw her—a widow, with no one to advise her, and the mother of an only son, whose fate depended upon her resolving wisely—into an agony of mind, which many readers may suppose will account satisfactorily for the following extraordinary apparition.

I need not remind my Edinburgh friends, that in ancient times their forefathers lived, as they do still in Paris, in *flats*, which have access by a common stair. The apartments occupied by Mrs. — were immediately above those of a family with whom she was intimate, and she was in the habit of drinking tea with them every evening. It was duskish, and she began to think that her agitation of mind had detained her beyond the hour at which she should have joined her friends, when, opening the door of her little parlour, to leave her own lodging, she saw standing directly opposite to her in the passage the exact resemblance of Captain Campbell, in his complete Highland dress, with belted plaid, dirk, pistols, pouch and broad sword. Ap-

palled at this vision, she started back, closed the door of the room, staggered backwards to a chair, and endeavoured to convince herself that the apparition she had seen was only the effect of a heated imagination. In this, being a woman of a strong mind, she partly succeeded, yet could not prevail upon herself again to open the door which seemed to divide her from the shade of her deceased relation, until she heard a tap on the floor beneath, which was the usual signal from her friendly neighbours to summon her to tea. On this she took courage, walked firmly to the door of the apartment, flung it open, and—again beheld the military spectre of the deceased officer of the Black Watch. He seemed to stand within a yard of her, and held his hand stretched out, not in a menacing manner, but as if to prevent her passing him. This was too much for human fortitude to endure, and she sunk down on the floor, with a noise which alarmed her friends below for her safety.

On their hastening up stairs, and entering Mrs. —'s lodging, they saw nothing extraordinary in the passage; but in the parlour found the lady in strong hysterics. She was recalled to herself with difficulty, but concealed the extraordinary cause of her indisposition. Her friends naturally imputed it to the late unpleasant intelligence from Argyleshire, and remained with her till a late hour, endeavouring to amuse and relieve her mind. The hour of rest however arrived, and there was a necessity, (which Mrs. — felt an alarming one,) that she should go to her solitary apartment. She had scarce set down the light which she held in her hand, and was in the act of composing her mind, ere addressing the Deity for protection during the perils of the night, when, turning her head, the vision she had seen in the passage was standing in the apartment. On this emergency she summoned up her courage, and addressing him by his name and surname, conjured him in the name of Heaven to tell her wherefore he thus haunted her. The apparition instantly answered, with a voice and manner in no respect differing from those proper to him while alive,—“Cousin, why did you not speak sooner?—my visit is but for your good,—your

grief disturbs me in my grave,—and it is by permission of the Father of the fatherless and Husband of the widow, that I come to tell you not to be disheartened by my fate, but to pursue the line which, by my advice, you adopted for your son. He will find a protector more efficient, and as kind as I would have been; will rise high in the military profession, and live to close your eyes.” With these words, the figure representing Capt. Campbell completely vanished.

Upon the point of her being decidedly awake and sensible, through her eyes and ears, of the presence and words of this apparition, Mrs. — declared herself perfectly convinced. She said, when minutely questioned by the lady who told me the story, that his general appearance differed in no respect from that which he presented when in full life and health, but that in the last occasion, while she fixed her eyes on the spectre in terror and anxiety, yet with a curiosity which argued her to be somewhat familiarized with his presence, she observed a speck or two of blood upon his breast, ruffle, and band, which he seemed to conceal with his hand when he observed her looking at him. He changed his attitude more than once, but slightly, and without altering his general position.

The fate of the young gentleman in future life seemed to correspond with the prophecy. He entered the army, rose to considerable rank, and died in peace and honour, long after he had closed the eyes of the good old lady, who had determined, or at least professed to have determined, his designation in life upon this marvellous suggestion.

ELECTION ANECDOTE.

During the recent election for the City, a gentleman having ordered his carriage, for the purpose of proceeding upon a canvass in behalf of Sir William Curtis, was compelled, in consequence of his coachman being out of the way, to content himself with a hackney coach. On his way to Sir William's committee, he saw John yoked with a number of the mob to Mr. Waithman's coach. When his master returned, he sent for John into his study, and after a few ex-postulatory admonitions to be more atten-

tive to the duties of his station for the future, asked him, how he could think of degrading himself so low beneath the dignity of his nature, as to change condition with the brutes that he was in the habit of driving?—John started; and twisting the side curl of his buckled wig, replied, that he was only doing honour to the man of the people.—“Why John,” said the gentleman, “what is it that this man of the people is to do for you more than the other candidates?”—“Do, Sir,” answered John, “he’ll do a great deal, Sir, if he do as he promises—He is to obtain for us TRIANGULAR PARLIAMENTS and UNIVERSAL SUFFERINGS.”

ROMAN CEMENT.

A sort of plaster so called, which well withstands our moist climate, is made by mixing one bushel of lime slaked with three pounds and a half of green copper-as, fifteen gallons of water, and half a bushel of fine gravel sand. The copper-as should be dissolved in hot water; it must be stirred with a stick, and kept stirring continually while in use. Care should be taken to mix at once as much as may be requisite for one entire front, as it is very difficult to match the colour again: and it ought to be mixed the same day it is used.

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS.

From the Literary Gazette, July 1818.

THE HARP OF THE DESERT; CONTAINING THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS, &c IN VERSE. BY ISMAEL FITZADAM, FORMERLY ABLE SEAMAN ON BOARD THE ***** FRIGATE.

THIS we suppose is an assumed name and character; the author being more likely an able poet than an able seaman. An introduction describes him as an Eastern traveller relating the story of Algiers to a party of his countrymen whom he meets in Libya. The style belongs to the modern School, and occasionally follows the exemplar of Lord Byron, though its general character approaches more nearly to the muse of Walter Scott. In what relation the author stands to both, our readers will judge from the annexed specimens.

High roll'd the day—all smiling sheen,
With beams, and bowers of evergreen,
Lay stretched in light the land;
Glowed to the Sun's unclouded glow,
The billow's breast, whose heavings slow
Came parleying towards the strand,
As if, in reconciliation sweet,
To clasp and kiss the dark rock's feet,
And pardon and oblivion pray
For rude assault of stormier day.
And landward sent those gentle seas,
As wont, their mitigating breeze,
Cooling, along the sunny coast,
The busy mustering Moslem host,
And wafting round o'er tent and wall
Of deep tambour and Atabal.
Not welcome now that tempering gale,—
It filled and wafted foeman's sail,
Which soon to ken of Lord and Slave,
Mast after mast hove full in sight;
Ensign and cross, and pendant bright,
And threatening prow, and tier of might,
In glorious trim, and battle plight,
Came marching up the wave!

Steered onward still that brave array,
Till proudly ranged within the bay,
Confronting calm those towers and mound,
Whence death thro' many a port-hole frowned,
And turbaned brow, and gloomy look,
That ill could Christian presence brook.
Forthwith, by truce and herald meet,
Brief parle succeeds 'twixt fort and fleet,
And terms—such terms as blood may spare—
Are firmly said, and madly spurned,
Infatuate guilt the bolt can dare,
Too late in weeds of ruin mourned.
The signal, “Ready!” instant flies—
Ship answering ship with ardent breath
Rang round the prelude note of death—
And “Ready!” all the line replies.

We are mistaken if the voice of criticism does not accord the palm of poetical beauty to the commencement, and of spirited description to the conclusion of these lines. There is a pretty episode of the restoration of an infant to its mother by the Dey; but we omit it for a few extracts touching

The Bombardment.

The thrilling pause which battle knows,
Ere havoc hails the earthquake close,—
Such grim and deathly pause did pass—
One shot the Moslem sent—again—
And hark! - - forth-furnacing amain,
Twice, thrice, an hundred throats of brass,
Like thunder-clap and hurricane—
Fling blasting fire and shattering shower
Round mole and rampart, mosque and tower—

Zis to his banks in terror clings,
And Zilif of the seventy springs,
While the roused lion, basking nigh,
Lists—snuffs the peal,—and roars reply—

To eastward far along the wave,
 The wild-fig green upon her grave,
 Perchance old Carthage, at the sound,
 Started, from sleep of years profound—
 —Rest, dust of greatness! Ages gone,
 Beneath thy narrow, nameless stone!
 From brand of foemen rest thou free,—
 Fallen, fallen, is Scipio's Rome like thee.
 Who now might choose thy desert wild
 To visit, save some man exiled,
 Soothed, by thy lone, sepulchral, heap,
 As Marius once, to sit and weep?
 Or sage who o'er thy burial span,
 Might mock the pride and power of man?
 Not for thy crimes that bursting ill,
 Though Punic faith provokes it still.

Rest, dust of shame and glory past!
 Secure from hate and strife, at last—
 Lo! redder fires expand their wings,
 And thicker yet the thunder rings,
 Sulphureous clouds, in masses driven,
 Blast all the coast, and blacken heaven—
 Recoil the waves—the rocks are riven—
 Can aught of mortal art or might
 Scatter such ravage and affright?
 Might of my Country! is it thou!
 True to thy high chivalrous vow,
 Commissioned still the wronged to save,
 Buckler, and refuge, of the slave,
 Thou Britain! 'tis, thus nobly known,
 Loud thundering from thy ocean throne!—

CORAL REEFS AND ISLANDS.

From the Monthly Magazine.

ON reading the accounts of different navigators of the wonderful and astonishing structures raised by those little vermes Zoophyta, or Coralline insects, I have often been surprised, and wondered how it was possible for those little insects to collect such an amazing quantity of matter as to form islands and reefs from unfathomable seas. We know very little as yet of the nature of the marine polype, that construct these wonderful fabrics; but we cannot be blind to the effects of their operations.

M. de Perssonel, of Marseilles, made some experiments on coral and other marine bodies. Those bodies which the Count de Marsigli imagined to be flowers, this ingenious naturalist discovered to be insects, inhabiting the coral. M. Donati of Turin, says, that coral is a mass of animals of the polype kind; and, instead of representing the polype beds and cells, which they contain, as the work of polypes, he thinks it more just to say, that coral, and other coralline bodies, have the same relation to the polypes united to them, as there is between the shell of a snail and the snail itself; or the bones of an animal, and the animal itself. The same system has also been illustrated and established by Mr. Ellis.

The Red Sea, the Indian and Pacific Oceans abound with coral. Throughout the whole range of the Polynesian* and Australasian islands, there is scarcely a league of sea unoccupied by a coral reef

or a coral island;* the former springing up to the surface of the water from the fathomless bottom; and the latter, in various stages, from the low and naked rock, with the water rippling over it, to an uninterrupted forest of tall trees. "I have seen," says Mr. Dalrymple, (in his *Inquiry into the Formation of Islands*), "the coral banks, in all their stages, some in deep water, others with a few rocks just appearing above the surface, some just formed into islands, without the least appearance of vegetation; others, with a few weeds on the highest part; and, lastly, such as are covered with large timber, with a bottomless sea at a pistol-shot distance." In fact, as soon as the edge of the reef is high enough to lay hold of the floating sea-wreck, or for a bird to perch upon, the island may be said to commence. The dung of birds, feathers, wreck of all kinds, cocoa-nuts, floating with the young plant out of the shell, are the first rudiments of the new island. With islands thus formed, and others in the several stages of their progressive creation, Torres Strait† is nearly choked up; and Captain Flinders mentions one island in it covered with the casuarina, and a variety of other trees and shrubs, which give food to paroquets, pigeons, and other birds, to whose ancestors, it is probable, the island was originally indebted for this vegetation. The time will come, when New Holland, New Guinea, and all the little groupes of islets and reefs to the north,

* Polynesia, a multitude of islands in the Pacific Ocean, which, by modern geographers, is, with Notasia, or New Holland, reckoned the fifth great division of the globe, and is called Australasia.

* See Ath. Vol. 3, page 338.

† Torres, a strait between New Holland and New Guinea.

and northwest of them, will be united into one great continent, or be separated only with deep channels, in which the strength and velocity of the tide may obstruct the silent and unobserved agency of these insignificant labourers.

A barrier of coral reef runs along the whole of the eastern coast of New Holland; among which (says Captain Flinders,) we sought fourteen days, and sailed more than five hundred miles, before a passage could be found through them out to sea.

Supposing the sea were to change its bed, and to cover again the present continents, (as it most assuredly will,) what great ranges of hills and mountains will then appear the work alone of diminutive insects! And if the present islands and continents were once, for a series of ages covered by the sea, (and the generality of the present geologists believe they were,) did these little polypes work in that sea? If they did, where are their works? Is it now limestone and chalk?

The hills of chalk, in that part of Dorset in which I live, have nearly the same appearance as would the coast of New Holland, were the sea to forsake its bed, and leave the foundation of the coral reefs dry,—after the atmosphere and the rains had decomposed and pulverized their upper parts, and the debris had tumbled down their sides; and were the sea again to fill our vallies, ships would find no anchorage at a pistol-shot distance from the sides of our chalk hills,—as is the case near the reefs of coral.

I cannot positively say, that chalk was

formed by the coral insect; but many observations of mine combine to induce me to that belief. The chalk is incumbent on a stratum of sand-stone, full of shells,—which was once the bottom of the sea, before the chalk was formed; the sand-stone rests on a bed of sand, with a few shells: a little above the sand-stone, in the chalk, we find *cornua ammonis*; and it was easy for them to find their way there, when the reef had just begun forming. Higher up in the chalk, shells are found, and generally single specimens. A stratum of flints is generally found in chalk; but that may be accounted for by atoms of silica being at first mixed with the calcareous matter, and, in course of time, joined by the force of attraction,—as atoms with kindred atoms join. In the alluvial formation, on the banks of the Ohio, near Cincinnati, different species of coralline are found, generally calcareous,—now and then siliceous; the siliceous matter, must, therefore have entered, and displaced the calcareous, while in a dissolved state. We frequently find shells inclosed in flints: the flinty matter must have been once in a soft state,—as the flint exhibits the exact form of the shell which it surrounds. The lime-stone formation, on the banks of the Ohio, is thought to be the largest formation in the world: is that likely to be also the work of the marine polype? If any of your geological correspondents would give their opinion on this subject, I should feel particularly obliged.

C. HALL.

Ansty.

OSSIAN.

From the Literary Gazette, June, 1818.

AUTHENTICITY OF OSSIAN'S POEMS PROVED.

THE following has been transmitted to the *Literary Gazette* on the most respectable authority.

A curious and interesting paper (by Hugh Campbell, Esq. author of the *Wanderer in Ayreshire*, *Birth of Bruce*, &c.) on the *Battle-fields of Fingal* in Ulster, has been read before the Society of Scottish Antiquarians, and generally approved of by that respectable body of

Literati. This scrutinizing traveller went to Ulster, and there commenced a laborious inquiry on the subject: and in the county Antrim soon discovered, by the proximity to the highlands of Scotland, and the analogy of names, &c. used in the poems of Ossian, that he was in the desired neighbourhood. The caves, stones, ruins, &c. of ancient warfare and magnificence, in and around the ancient city of Connor, induced him to believe that he had discovered the *Semora*

of the ancients, where was the palace of the Irish kings of the race of Connor, of Morven, to whose assistance Fingal so frequently went when his kinsman was threatened by the princes of the Belgæ.

In this opinion Mr. C. was soon confirmed by the discovery of the places mentioned in the poems, as being in its immediate neighbourhood; and ultimately by the remains of the palace itself, which has been in ruins since the city was stormed by Edward Bruce in 1316. The dis-

coveries made, and the convincing tenor of the elaborate paper on the subject, are sufficient to convince the most incredulous, even Dr. Johnson himself, were he in life, that Fingal fought and Ossian sung!

Mr. Campbell, we understand, is about to give this long wanted desideratum to the public, in the form of a letter, to be addressed to Lord Dundas, President of the Hon. Society of Scottish Antiquaries.

F. C.

From the European Magazine, May 1818.

EXTRACTS FROM A LAWYER'S PORT-FOLIO.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.]

FAMILY HISTORY.*

“THE sunshine day came, however; my patroness prevailed over all her enemies, and her levees were thronged with visitors, amongst whom my Lord Caernarvon merrily said, ‘I hope, madam, you will remember that I came to wait upon you, when none of *this company* did?’ She consulted me on all occasions, and would have loaded me with favours; but I only begged her to advance one of my aunt’s poor daughters from the station of rocker to that of bed-chamber-woman, and her brother (a ragged tall boy, whom the bottle-men afterwards called honest John Hill) was made my lord’s aid-de-camp, though he thought him good-for-nothing. Not long after this, I went to pay my respects to my mistress in the Christmas-holidays, and plainly perceived she was uneasy. She stood all the while I was with her; and when I stooped to kiss her hand, raised me with a very cold embrace, and, without speaking one word, let me go. Now I remembered, that having gone very privately, on a day before, by a secret passage, from my lodgings to the bed-chamber, on a sudden my cousin, not knowing I was there, came in with the boldest and gayest air possible; but seeing me, stopped, and changing her manner into a most solemn courtesy, inquired if my mistress rung, and went out again. It was plain there existed some secret between them; but, as honest Howell wisely saith, ‘A secret is too much for one, enough for two, but too

little for three.’—And much more wisely he also saith, ‘From them whom I trust may God defend me, but from those I do not trust I will defend myself.’—After much thought on the woman I had raised from the dust, and on her I had served so long with promises of unalterable affection, I wrote to the latter, on the 27th of December, these few words:—

“‘If ——— will be so just as to reflect and examine her last reception—how very different from what it has been! you cannot wonder at my reproaches, ———. My temper is plain and sincere, and ——— did like it for many years. And if ——— has any remains of the tenderness she once professed for her faithful friend, I would beg she might be treated one of these two ways: Either with the openness and confidence of a friend, as she has been for twenty years; or else in the manner necessary for the post she is in. And if she pleases to choose one of these ways, or any others, I promise to follow it if possible, and on all occasions to shew that ——— never had a more faithful servant.’

“My patroness hardly noticed this appeal; and my husband, then in the height of a glory he might have made perpetual, was treated as if his successes in her cause were injuries to her self-love. He wrote to me as usual in cypher from the camp, professing his zeal for 83 and his distrust of 91, by which he meant our lady and her new advisers. Her change was more distinctly complained

* Concluded from p. 389.

of in another letter, which I sent to her enclosed in one from myself—

“I cannot help sending this to shew how exactly my lord agrees in my opinion, that he has now no interest with you.—Yet I think he will be surprised to hear, that when I had taken so much pains to put your jewels in a way I thought you would like, my cousin made you refuse to wear them in so unkind a manner. I will make no reflections, only that you chose a very wrong day to mortify me, when you were just going to return thanks for a victory obtained by my husband!”

“On the sixth of April I entreated an audience, and the page who announced me staid longer than usual: long enough, it is to be supposed, to deliberate whether the favour of admission should be granted, and to settle the measures of behaviour. When I entered, and began to speak, she interrupted me, by repeating, ‘Whatever you have to say may be put in writing.’ Though her face was turned away, I continued to speak, begging to know the offence laid to my charge, but not the names of the authors or relators. She replied, ‘You desired no answer, and shall have none.’ These words she repeated constantly, as was her custom when she had been provided with a phrase to shield her against all argument. When she came to the door, streams of tears flowed against my will, and the most disrespectful words I ever uttered escaped me—‘I have despised interest to serve faithfully and rightly—I have done enough to move compassion, even where all love was absent—but this inhumanity will not be unpunished.’—She replied, ‘*that will be to myself:*’—and thus ended our last conversation, after a friendship of twenty-seven years. After such high power and envied distinctions, my lord and myself sunk into retirement, happy enough that, like the great and good Lord Bacon, we were not obliged to beg a cup of wine from

courtiers, and to carry a wallet after bearing the sword of state.”

Here ended this singular memoir; and my honest auditor, sending a long column of smoke from his pipe, added, “Truly, if it had not begun about a prince and princess, I should have thought it had been a tale of Lady Julias and Lady Rosas, such as my daughter reads at school—but I dozed a little, I doubt, at t’other end.”

“No wonder, my good friend,” I replied, “for this memoir gives us truth, not wit or good sense. Yet, as I said before, it is respectable, because it relates to the most distinguished persons of a past age: and touching, as it proves how little the noblest stations are exempt from the petty passions of human nature, and how deeply those passions influence the great events of an empire. These letters, with frivolous and sentimental mystery enough in them to decorate a novel, are written by the invincible Duke of Marlborough’s wife, and her heroines are Queen Mary and Queen Anne!”

My lowland Ben Johnson took a large pinch from his horn mull, and replied, “There’s no great difference in the folly, mayhap; yet I’d as lief be a King-fool as a common one. An’ ye’re a gownsman, sir, ye may chance to have a liking to thae kind of cattle, and I can tell ye as strange a tale of the Clanroy M’Gregors, and this very inn, as a justice-clerk need put on paper. It’s like ye may have heard a jeer in Carlisle about a West-riding man who took too many good cups with a highland knave, and woke in a sack next morn:—but I’ll no believe it, for what says the old song?

“Its a wearifu’ task to swim by night
Safe over the Tweed or Tyne,
But a harder to deal wi’ a Yorkshire wight,
And gi’ him his fill of wine.”

Then nodding with a shrewd smile of confirmation, he began his own story.

(To be continued.)

Erratum in page 283, 19th line from bottom, for “*full woman*,” read “*fool woman*.”

PRESENT STATE OF THE HOLY CITY.

From the Literary Gazette, June, 1818.

LETTERS OF A PRUSSIAN TRAVELLER,

DESCRIPTIVE OF A TOUR THROUGH SWEDEN, &c. BY JOHN BRAMSEN. 2 VOLS. 8vo.

MR. Bramsen accompanied the eldest son of Sir John Maxwell in a tour occupying above two years, from July 1813 to Sept. 1815.

The travellers sailed from Leith, and arrived at Gottenburgh; whence they proceeded through Sweden and the north of Germany. At Potsdam, a few anecdotes of Frederick the Great are culled. He had forbidden any officer to attend a masked-ball at Berlin, but recognized in the room Baron L—, Captain of his own guard. The King accosted him, "*Captain, you are here contrary to the King's orders.*" "*That's very true, Sir; but on the honor of a gentleman, say not one word of it.*" The next day at the parade his Majesty called the officer aside, and thus addressed him, "*Captain, you are a Major; but on the honor of a gentleman, say not one word of it.*" On another occasion, passing some regiments in review, he observed a soldier with the scar of a sabre wound on his face; finding he was a Frenchman, the King said, "*In what alehouse were you wounded?*" To which the soldier smartly replied, in allusion to one of the battles lost by Frederick. "*In that where your Majesty paid the shot!*"

From Berlin to Alexandria we find nothing for extract.

From Alexandria our travellers set out for Cairo, with an escort of two Arabs, camels to carry their baggage, &c. At Damanhur they were hospitably received by Ali Bey. "After the ceremonies of the introduction, the Bey observed that we must need refreshment, and begged us to retire without ceremony. The treasurer and several other officers of the Bey's guard, directed the slaves to place a small round iron plate upon a low table, round which we seated ourselves upon the mats. They gave us each a small round loaf, which was very thin and badly baked, but served us as a plate; there was no table-cloth or napkin, and instead of a knife and fork we were furnished with a small wooden

spoon. One of the slaves brought us a brass bason and a pitcher of water, and presented us with a white towel embroidered with coloured flowers, which hung over his shoulders. After we had washed our hands, another slave brought a boiled calf's head, and placed it on a wooden plate before the treasurer, who stood at table. We were not a little surprised when the former [qu. the latter] reached his hand to one of the slaves, to put up his gown and shirt sleeves; we wondered what this preparation meant, but were still more astonished to see the treasurer take the calf's head, tear it to pieces, and with his fingers place a piece of it before each of us. He was constantly helping us in this delicate manner to those parts he thought most to our taste. Nothing but extreme hunger could have induced us to partake of it, and we frequently shut our eyes not to observe the grand treasurer's operations."

Six fried pigeons underwent the same mangling mode of division, and the inferior officers who stood behind helped themselves as the slaves were carrying the dishes away. Pillaw, fowls, and a sort of pudding, finished the banquet, and the latter dishes would have been excellent but for the profusion of oil used in cooking them.

The Arabian women wear nothing but a short blue cotton gown; their feet and hands are bare, and their nails, eyebrows, and chins dyed with indigo. Iron ear-rings, bracelets, and in some cases, nose-rings, also painted blue, are proudly worn. The Bey had twenty-six wives and concubines, beside favorite slaves: he had forty horses for his own use, and about four hundred and fifty for his troops. Being sumptuously entertained, and kindly dismissed, the travellers proceeded up the Nile to Shebra-chit, where they embarked for Cairo. Of course, the pyramids, &c. were visited and Damietta and Jaffa were the next stages at which any stop was made.

From Jaffa the party, properly furnished with a guide and escort, for which a large sum was paid, departed for Jerusalem, which is about 35 miles distant by the way of Rama. The natives are by no means friendly to Christians, and the journey is not free from peril. Towards Jerusalem, the road becomes very mountainous; and as it was expedient to travel by night in order to avoid the scorching heat of the sun, the situation was picturesque and interesting.

"We passed (says Mr. B.) a village to the right belonging to an Arab who calls himself the Prince of the Mountain; it appeared to be considerable: the fields around it were very fertile, and covered with vines, interspersed with crops of tobacco, water melons, and linseed. The road is kept in very good order near this village, but the Christians must pay a tribute to the Prince, for permission to pass his territory; and as the place is situated in a narrow defile of the mountains he can easily shut up the passage. He has the character of being at once cruel, haughty, unrelenting, and addicted to rapine. The monks in particular stand in great dread of him."

The guide paid the usual dues; and his employers had the good fortune to have a view of his Arabic highness for their money. He was a stout, good looking man, with an immense black beard; his dress a white cotton frock, with a sash and a blue turban;—he and his attendants were all well armed and well mounted, smoking long pipes. In the absence of their guide, they were about to take the wrong road, when His Highness put them right by crying out *Helcods*, (i. e. Jerusalem) and pointing out the proper path. Jerusalem is not seen till within a few hundred yards of it; several magnificent ruins precede the entrance by the gate of Jaffa.

The sacred city was otherwise very desolate; some Christians in the Levantine dress saluted the travellers with the welcome '*ben venuti*,' and they arrived at the convent of St. Salvador, where they were to take up their residence.—To their surprise and mortification, they were received by two drunken monks, who instead of answering to their inquiries, burst out into a fit of laughter, and uttered a torrent of nonsense in misera-

ble Italian. A religious of a better order, however, at length appeared, and paid them the attentions due to their situation, and to their letter of introduction to the Superior.

"Being much fatigued, (says the narrator) we retired to rest for a few hours, but had hardly fallen into a slumber, when we were disturbed by a loud knocking at our door and windows.—We rose, and found the yard in front of our apartment filled with Christians of both sexes, dressed in the Levantine style. It was a visit of friendly congratulation, which, however, at such a time, we could willingly have dispensed with. They all came and shook hands with us, at the same time greeting us with '*ben venuti*.' Most of the women wore gowns of a red color, some of which were ornamented with narrow silver lace on the border; their hair was plaited, and hung down their backs, and to the end of each lock was attached some gold coin: several wore similar ornaments round their heads and necks, but all were covered with long white veils. Some were very handsome, though their complexions were rather pale. Very few spoke Italian, their general language being either the Arabic or the Turkish. Some of them pretended that they came to fetch water from the well; but it was not difficult to see that the stronger motive of curiosity, so all-powerful to the female mind, had attracted them to the spot; others informed us that they had been to prayers in the convent."

Having obtained permission of the Bey, and paid a tax of 50 piasters, or about three guineas, without which no Christian curiosity is gratified in this particular, they visited the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

"It is a large and magnificent building, and, with the exception of some of the pillars and the front, remarkable for the curious basso-relievo work over the door; is mostly modern, the building having been partly destroyed by fire in 1810. The first object pointed out on entering, was a slab of white marble on the pavement, surrounded by a railing; this we were assured was the spot where the body of the Saviour was anointed by Joseph of Arimathea. We next entered a kind of circular chapel,

erected under the centre of the dome: the sides were formed with verd-antique marble, and the entrance was covered with the same. Twenty-one silver lamps were hanging around this sacred spot; which is believed to contain the tomb of Jesus Christ, and several vases filled with flowers stood on a white marble slab near it. The sacred tomb itself was covered with two planks of a mahogany colour, and guarded by an aged monk.

From this venerable spot, after performing certain ceremonies, and satisfying their devotional feelings, they visited the chapel, where many relics are shown. They next took a distant view of the temple of Solomon, "that forbidden object to which no Christian is permitted to approach."

Conclusion in our next.

THE ALISMA PLANTAGO.

(For the Cure of Hydrophobia.)

The attention of the Public and of the Faculty has already been called to the *Alisma Plantago*, of which a drawing is annexed.

To the Editor of the (London) Literary Gazette.

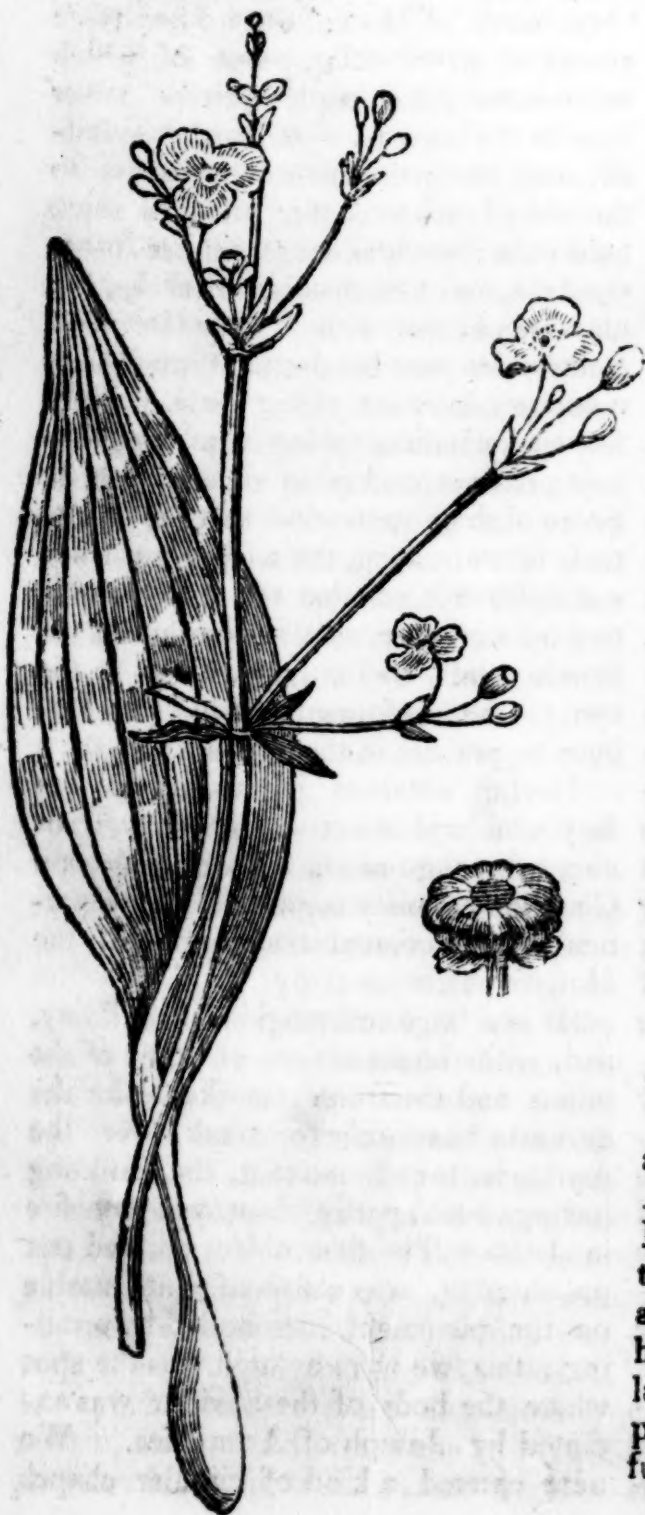
SIR,

IN compliance with the wish expressed in one of the Numbers of the LITERARY GAZETTE, by a Correspondent, I have sent for your acceptance a drawing of the reputed valuable plant *Alisma Plantago*, I regret much that I am not enabled to give a figure of a more perfect specimen; yet this may serve to give some idea of the character of the plant. It grows, I may venture to say, in most parts of Suffolk, certainly with us in great abundance, to the height of two feet above the surface of ponds and ditches, bearing white flowers, inclining more or less to a purplish tinge, from the middle of June to August. I have endeavoured to express the form of the seed-vessel, so that the plant may be known after its flowers have ceased to exist. I am acquainted with no species of *Alisma* that at all resembles this in habit; therefore it must be known at a glance. For specific minutiae, your Correspondent cannot do better than refer to Dr. Smith's 'Flora Britannica,' or to 'Withering's English Botany;' he will receive information from either.

Yours, &c. J.

The following paragraph appeared in the Times Newspaper:—

"The celebrated Dr. Frank has sent a considerable quantity of the roots of *Alisma Plantago* to the hospitals of the Duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, inviting the physicians to make trials of that root on persons attacked with hydrophobia. It is known that a popular opinion prevails in Russia, that this plant is an infallible remedy in that frightful distemper, and it infinitely interests



humanity to ascertain whether or not this opinion be well founded."

To this we think it proper to add, without remark on our parts, the only other notice on the subject that has met our inquiries.

On the Alisma Plantago Aquatica Linn. as a Remedy for the Bite of a Mad Dog, and the Hydrophobia ensuing from it. By Dr. and Professor HARLESS, of Erlangen.

THE accounts lately received from Russia of the efficacy of the root of the *Alisma Plantago*, in the cure of the Hydrophobia, have attracted the attention of the members of our Physical and Medical Society, in their October meeting. M. Martius, apothecary to the court, had taken pains to investigate the nature of this root, which grows wild in abundance in our parts, and the proper method of preparing it. As this root, which he produced, has, when fresh, a striking resemblance in the taste and smell to the *Calamus Arom.* and in some degree to the *Iris florent.* and, when moderately pressed, gives out a white, milky, clammy juice, to which a great part of its efficacy may probably be attributed (though another part may be found in the more solid substance of the root, and consequently in the powder) M. Martius thought that the preparation and use of the remedy in its fresh state, might be more effectual than the powder, hitherto prescribed. He therefore made a conserve, composed of one-third of the fresh root grated, and two-thirds sugar, duly mixed together. The members found that this conserve had entirely the taste and smell of the root, and by no means disagreeable, only the after-taste is rather sharp and bitter. It is probable this conserve may, like others retain its efficacy for half a year, or longer. This preparation, therefore, seems to deserve attention, though the use of the powder, carefully prepared from the fresh root, slowly dried, should not be neglected. I would also particularly recommend a saturated tincture of the root. To pre-

pare this tincture, it would perhaps be best to employ the roots carefully dried in the shade in hot weather. To one part of the root, cut small, or coarsely pounded, I should add eight or ten parts of rectified spirits of wine, and distil it for five or six days. I intended to say something more, for the use of medical men, in the Medical Journal, respecting this remedy, and its pharmaceutical and therapeutic character, according to which it must be placed in the same class as Valerian Calamus, Celtis Austr. &c. I must remark, that however desirable the discovery of a remedy for that most dreadful of all disorders the hydrophobia may be, we must not place our hopes too confidently in that now announced, till a sufficient number of authentic experiments, made by men of real science, have been instituted;—and if, as every one must wish, we should receive more and authentic cases of the preventive efficacy of this root, taken before the hydrophobia really breaks out (and we are informed, by written communications from a most respectable and credible source, that dogs, when bit, instinctively look for this root;) yet still the simultaneous application of the greatest and most certain of all antidotes to hydrophobia, viz. the cauterizing of the parts bitten, can hardly be superseded and rendered unnecessary. When the hydrophobia has really broken out, phosphorus and arsenic (according to the remarkable experiments made with them by the late Dr. Zinke, at Kahla) seem worthy of particular attention; but of course only in the hands of able physicians. For the rest, the *Alisma Plantago*, as a remedy for the bite of mad dogs, and of other poisonous animals, is by no means a new remedy. Dioscorides knew and recommended it; and Pliny, lib. x. says expressly of it, *Prodest ad omnes bestiarum morsus illita et pota.* At a later period it was recommended by Marcellus Empiricus; and in the 16th century by the great Cæsalpinus.

SAINTS' DAYS, OBSCURE CEREMONIES, &c.

From the London Time's Telescope, for Sept. 1818.

SEPTEMBER.

THIS word is composed of *septem* seven, and the termination *ber*, like *lis* in *Aprilis, Quintilis, Sextilis.* This rule will also apply to the three following months, *Octo-ber, Novem-ber, Decem-*

ber. PEACHAM describes September, 'with merry and cheerful countenance, in a purple robe; upon his head a wreath of white and purple grapes: in his left hand a handful of millet oats, and panicle, withal carrying a *cornucopia* of ripe peaches, pears, pomgranates, and other fruits of his season; in his right hand, the sign *Libra*. His purple robe sheweth how he reigneth like a king above other moneths, abounding with plenty of things necessary for man's life. The sign *Libra* is now (as Sir Peter Sidney saith) an indifferent arbiter between the day and night, poizing to each his equal hours, according to Virgil:

'*Libra dies, somnique pares ubi fecerit horas.*'

'September they called *Gerst-monat*, for that barley which that moneth commonly yeelded was antiently called gerst, the name of barley being given unto it by reason of the drinke therewith made, called beere, and from beerlegh it comes to be berlegh, and from berlegh to barley. So in like manner beereheym, to wit, the overdecking or covering of beere, came to be called berham, and afterwards barme, having since gotten I wot not how many names besides.'

SAINT GILES, SEPTEMBER 1.

Giles, or Ægidius, was born at Athens; but, after he had disposed of his patrimony in charitable uses, came to France in the year 715.

LONDON BURNT, SEPTEMBER 2.

The fire of London broke out on Sunday morning, September 2, 1666, O.S.; and being impelled by strong winds, raged with irresistible fury nearly four days and nights; nor was it entirely mastered till the fifth day after it began. This destructive conflagration commenced at the house of a baker, in Pudding-lane, ten houses from Thames-street, into which it spread within a few hours; nearly the whole of the contiguous buildings being of timber, lath, and plaster, and the whole neighbourhood presenting little else than closely confined passages and narrow alleys. The fire quickly spread, and was not to be conquered by any human means. 'Then, (says a contemporary writer) then the city did shake indeed; and the inhabitants did tremble, and flew away in great amazement from their houses, lest the flames should devour them: *rattle, rattle, rattle*, was the noise which

'the fire struck upon the ear round about, as if there had been a thousand iron chariots beating upon the stones.*'

The destructive fury of this conflagration was never, perhaps, exceeded in any part of the world, by any fire originating in accident. *Within the walls*, it consumed almost five-sixths of the whole city; and *without the walls* it cleared a space nearly as extensive as the one-sixth part left unburnt within. Scarcely a single building that came within the range of the flames was left standing. Public buildings, churches, and dwelling-houses, were alike involved in one common fate.

In the summary account of this vast devastation, given in one of the inscriptions on the Monument, and which was drawn up from the reports of the surveyors appointed after the fire, it is stated, that 'The ruins of the city were 436 acres [viz. 343 acres within the walls, and 93 in the liberties of the city]; that, of the six and twenty wards, it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered, and half burnt; and that it consumed 400 streets, 13,200 dwelling-houses, 89 churches, [besides chapels; four of] the city gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, and a vast number of stately edifices. Amid all the confusion and multiplied dangers that arose from the fire, it does not appear that more than six persons lost their lives. Calamitous as were the immediate consequences of this dreadful fire, its remote effects have proved an incalculable blessing to subsequent generations. To this conflagration may be attributed the complete destruction of the PLAGUE, which, the year before only, swept off 68,590 persons!! To this tremendous fire we owe most of our grand public structures—the regularity and beauty of our streets—and finally, the great salubrity and cleanliness of a large part of the city of London.

NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN MARY, 8.

A concert of angels having been heard in the air to solemnize this important event, the festival was appointed by Pope Servius about the year 695.

* The progress of the fire might have been stopped, but for the foolish conduct of the Lord Mayor, who refused to give orders for pulling down some houses, without the consent of the owners. Buckets and engines were of no use, from the confined state of the streets.

HOLY CROSS, OR HOLY ROOD, SEPT. 14.

This festival was first observed in the year 615, on the following occasion :— Cosroes, King of Persia, having plundered Jerusalem, carried away large pieces of the cross which had been left there by the Empress Helena. Heraclius, the Emperor, soon afterwards engaged and defeated him, and removed the cross : but bringing it back in triumph to Jerusalem, he found the gates shut against him, and heard a voice from heaven, saying, that the *King of Kings* did not enter into that city in so stately a manner, but *meek and lowly, and riding upon an ass*. The Emperor then immediately dismounted from his horse, and walked through the city barefooted, carrying the cross himself. The *holy-rood*, or cross, when perfectly made, had not only the image of our Savior extended upon it, but the figures of the Virgin Mary and St. John, one on each side : in allusion to John xix, 26,—‘*Christ on the cross saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing by.*’

Such was the representation denominated the rood, usually placed over the screen which divided the nave from the chancel in our churches. To our ancestors, we are told, it conveyed a full type of the Christian church ; the nave representing the church militant, and the chancel the church triumphant ; denoting that all who would go from the one to the other, must pass under the rood ; that is, carry the Cross, and suffer affliction.

SAINT MICHAEL, SEPTEMBER 29.

Saint Michael was an archangel who

presided over the Jewish nation, and had an army of angels under his command and conduct ; he fought also with the Dragon or Satan, and his angels ; and, contending with the Devil, he disputed about the body of Moses. See *Rev.* xii, 7 ; *Jude* 9. This festival has been kept with great solemnity ever since the sixth century. It was enacted in the ecclesiastical laws of King Ethelred in England, in the year 1014, ‘That every Christian who is of age fast three days on bread and water, and raw herbs, before the feast of St. Michael, and let every man go to confession and to church barefoot—let every priest with his people go in procession three days barefoot, and let every one’s commons for three days be prepared without any thing of flesh, as if they themselves were to eat it, both in meat and drink, and let all this be distributed to the poor. Let every servant be excused from labour these three days, that he may the better perform his fast, or let him work what he will for himself. These are the three days, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, next before the feast of St. Michael. If any servant break his fast, *let him make satisfaction with his hide* (bodily stripes ;) let the poor freeman pay thirty pence, the king’s thane a hundred and thirty shillings ; and let the money be divided to the poor.’

There is an old custom, still in use, of having a roast goose for dinner on Michaelmas day : and it is a popular saying, that, ‘if you eat goose on Michaelmas day, you will never want money all the year round.’

VARIETIES.

From La Belle Assemblée, June, 1818.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

IT is a singular coincidence, that in the same month when the Regalia of Scotland met the gaze of her sons, the relics of their most patriotic sovereign should be discovered, after inhumation since the year 1329. With these particulars none have noticed the tradition that the family motto of De Bruce originated in the services of a lady. She was related to the Fullartons of Fullarton. Her husband was a cadet of the house of Cassilis. Before Robert Bruce avowed his

pretensions, he came disguised as a palmer, with a few followers of tried courage and fidelity, to acquaint himself with the dispositions of the people. His small skiff, in stress of weather, took shelter on the coast of Ayrshire. The night was dark, and the sea rolling with violence, had tossed the adventurers out of all knowledge of their landing-place.—They got safe to shore ; but to prevent the suspicions which in those unhappy times should arise from seeing many strangers together, the chiefs dispersed. Bruce chanced to enter the kitchen of

Mr. Kennedy. The servants were just what had been the choir of the church, going to bed. The lady had retired to her solitary couch, her husband being with the English forces, to whose interest the Governor of Ayr had gained him during the achievements of William Wallace. Bruce craved leave to sit at the fire; but one of the damsels had informed her mistress of the holy guest. She came herself and led him to the hall, where, eyeing his figure and features with earnest attention. "We hae been—we hae been fausse," said she in the Scottish dialect, "but a royal ee takes me back to haly royalty. I seid ye anes royal de Bruce, I ken ye weel. We hae been baith untrue to Scotland, but rest ye safe: and albeit a' that's gane, Meg Fullarton wad dee in your cause." In English this pithy speech may be rendered: '*We have been, we have been false; but the eagle eye of royalty calls me back to sacred loyalty. I once beheld thee, princely de Bruce, and I know thee well. We have been both untrue to Scotland—but notwithstanding all that has passed, Margaret Fullarton would die in your service.*' Mrs. Kennedy entertained Bruce as a palmer, and dismissed him in safety. Tradition adds, that her modest allusion to his own infatuation for England, excused her past disloyalty to the candid Bruce, and the words she thrice repeated he adopted as his family motto, in memory of his fault and her gentle self accusing rebuke.

On the 17th Feb. 1818, the persons employed in clearing the ground for the new church to be erected at Dumfermline, discovered a coffin of hewn stone, neatly built into the ground. This was found to contain the remains of that heroic prince, Bruce. The body, after being embalmed, had been swathed in sheet lead, as thick as a halfpenny; the arms were wrapped up with the body; each thigh and leg separately; the whole shrouded in a rich stuff, composed of interwoven gold and silk. There was the semblance of a crown on the head of the royal corpse. The length of the body is six feet two inches; the length of the stone coffin seven feet. The coffin was found in the exact spot which the popular tradition of the place indicated as the burial place of Bruce, in the centre of

ANECDOTE OF A FRENCHMAN.

From the Literary Gazette.

One day, during the late fine weather, a Frenchman, walking in London, found himself very thirsty, and went to a public house to get something to quench his thirst, but, unacquainted with the English language, he was much embarrassed when he presented himself to the bar. The Landlady, and two Englishmen who were conversing with her, were greatly astonished to see the stranger standing, *la bouche béante*, and casting wild looks about the room. They asked him what he wanted? The Frenchman, collecting all his strength and learning, began to say, "*Bière, Bière,*" about half a dozen times. The two Englishmen not knowing what he meant, supposed he was ill, from his pressing his hands to his breast, and looking so pale and emaciated. Again they asked him what was it he wished to say, and received the same answer as before: "*Bière, Bière.*" At last the Landlady, seeing the poor Foreigner was obliged to sit down through fatigue and faintness, said, she thought he asked for a *Bier*; one was immediately procured, and the patient carried to the hospital, surprised at being borne about the streets, and grieved at not being able to explain himself. At the hospital he remembered he had heard the word - - - *Thirsty* when drink was in request, but, unable to pronounce the *Th*, he exclaimed, on entering "*Me is very dirty, very dirty:*" upon which he was stripped and put into a bath, where he contrived to quench his thirst, and coming out revived was dismissed as perfectly cured.

GOLDEN TYPOGRAPHY.

The art of printing in gold, which has been practised at different periods with various degrees of success, has been lately revived in a more perfect and beautiful manner than any other which has already appeared. It is scarcely possible to convey to those who have not witnessed its effect, the splendid character which this invention displays. M. Didot of Paris, and Mr. Whitaker of London, have produced some of the finest specimens of this art. Some specimens of

golden printing, in a work consisting of colored plates of pheasants, were lately published in France, where the name of each species, and the yellow tints on the feathers, were printed from copperplate in gold ink.

From the Literary Panorama, July 1818.

SAGACITY OF A GREYHOUND AND POINTER.

A gentleman in the county of Stirling, kept a greyhound and a pointer, and being fond of coursing, the pointer was accustomed to find the hares, and the greyhound to catch them. When the season was over, it was found that the dogs were in the habit of going out by themselves and killing the hares for their own amusement. To prevent this, a large iron ring was fastened to the pointer's neck by a leather collar, and hung down, so as to prevent the dog from running or jumping over dykes, &c. The animals, however, continued to stroll out to the fields together; and one day the gentleman, suspecting all was not right, resolved to watch them, and, to his surprise, found that the moment they thought they were unobserved, the greyhound took up the iron ring in his mouth, and, carrying it, they set off to the hills, and began to search for hares as usual. They were followed, and it was observed that, whenever the pointer scented the hare, the ring was dropped, and the greyhound stood ready to pounce upon poor puss the moment the other drove her from her form, but that he uniformly returned to assist his companion when he had accomplished his object.

LITHOGRAPHY.

A description of engraving on stone, which was about twenty years since invented in Germany, has been lately revived with much success in England. The process of this art is simple in the extreme. A slab of white lias, (Bath stone) about an inch thick, is rendered perfectly level, and polished with fine sand, or some other substance, and this stone is drawn on with a pen, and a prepared liquid of the consistence of common ink, and with the same facility: after this the stone is washed over with diluted nitric acid, which slightly corrodes that part which has not been drawn

on with the pen; the stone is then saturated with water, and the common printing ink dabbed over it, as in type printing, and the ink adheres to such parts as have been drawn on, (the other parts of the stone being wet, repel the printing ink); the impression is then taken by passing the stone through a press with a plane and single cylinder. When the print is wished to resemble a chalk drawing, the stone is left rather rough, by using a coarser sand to polish it; and instead of ink and pen being used, a prepared pastil, of the same substance as that with which the mixture used in drawing with a pen is made, is substituted, with which a drawing is made on the stone. From this it is evident that the making the drawing on the stone is accompanied by no more inconvenience than the drawing on paper with pencil or a pen: but as circumstances may make it inconvenient to make the drawing on the stone, there is a prepared paper, on which the drawing may be made either with a pen or chalk, and which the printer can transfer to the stone, and this method has the advantage of reversing the drawing, by which means the impression produced corresponds with the original design.

It is evident that, supposing the impression produced is equally fit to answer the purpose required, the whole expense of engraving may be saved, as the artist may himself, at once, make the design on the stone, and it may immediately be brought into action with the press.

The specimens of this art which Germany has produced are truly beautiful: and the fac-simile of Albert Durer's Missal may, perhaps, vie with any copper-plate engraving that could have been produced of the same subject. The portrait of that artist, the border decorations, printed in various colours, and the page of German writing, are all in the highest degree admirable. Indeed, the principal merit of this art consists in producing the most faithful copies and fac-similes of any subjects, whether of drawings, engravings, letter-press, or manuscript. But, like many other celebrated and useful arts, Lithography, as it respects England is only in its dawn; but a year's experience will not only materi-

ally assist its progress, but also place it in that degree of eminence which it so well deserves.

From the Literary Gazette, July, 1818.

EPITAPHS.*

SIR, Gravesend, 27 May, 1818.

On the window of the Falcon Hotel, where I am now housed is the following distich :

Absent or dead still let your friend be dear :
A sigh the *absent* claim ;—the *dead* a tear.

There is a curious cemetery in Eyam church-yard, formed by eight stone columns, a whimsical Epitaph (among many, for this is a favourite resort of the Elegiac Muse) is thus occupied :—

Here lieth the body of Ann Sellars
buried by this stone—who
died on Jan. 15th day, 1731
likewise here lieth dear Isaac
Sellars, my husband and my right,
who was buried on that same day come
seven years, 1738. In seven years
time there comes a change,—
observe, and here you'll see
on that same day come
seven years my husband's
laid by me.

I also observed against the wall of the New Inn, and facing a bowling-green at the back of it, on a plain stone tablet, the record of a *bowling hero*, whereof the subsequent lines are a transcript :

To the memory
of Mr. Alderman Nyun,
An honest Man, and an excellent Bowler.
Cuique est sua Fama.

Full forty long years was the Alderman seen
The delight of each Bowler, and king of this Green ;
As long be remembered his art as his name,
Whose hand was unerring—unrivalled his fame.
His BIAS was good, and he always was found
To go the right way, and take enough ground.
The *Jack* to the uttermost verge he would send,
For the Alderman lov'd a full-length at each end.
Now mourn every eye that has seen him display
The arts of the Game, and the wiles of his Play,
For the great Bowler, DEATH, at one critical cast,
Has ended his Length, and close rubb'd him at last.

F. W. posuit. MDCCLXXVI.

The great hospital for the sick, in Paris, is called l'Hotel Dieu, literally, 'the House of God.' A Gascon was carried there ; and as he was thought to be in danger of death, one of his friends asked

* Continued from Ath. Vol. III. p. 144.

him, if he had made his peace with God ? 'I suppose so,' replied the sick Gascon, 'for you see he has given me a room and a bed in his house.'

ANECDOTE OF THE EARL OF MARCHMONT.

Lord Binning, who was sitting by his bedside a few hours before his death, seeing him smile, asked what he was laughing at ? He answered, 'I am diverted to think what a disappointment the worms will meet with, when they come to me expecting a good meal, and find nothing but bones !' He was 84 years of age, and very thin.

NATURAL HISTORY.

From the Literary Panorama, June 1818.

THE MONKEY'S SAGACITY OF SMELL.

A lady of my acquaintance, says the author of a paper in the Transactions of the Royal Academy at Copenhagen, had a favourite monkey, and the monkey, in return to his mistress's kindness, was so fond of her, that he would scarcely ever leave her. But his admirable and nice smell in distinguishing contagious distempers, was no doubt the cause of his shewing a different inclination. The measles became epidemic in the country, and the lady fell sick of them. For some days before, when there was no indication of sickness, the monkey abandoned his mistress, and would not appear in her chamber, as if by the acuteness of his smell he had been sensible she would soon sicken. As soon as she was well, he returned to her with the same familiarity. Some time after, the same lady had a slight fever, but without any appearance of malignity. The monkey remained with her as her constant companion, and seemed thus to have a clear perception of the difference of distempers. His persevering also in the last conjuncture might have been of advantage to his mistress, if it be true, as it is said that the flesh of the monkey is a good febrifuge for the lion.

The French are varying the Kaleidoscope in every possible mode. One artist announces the addition of *sentiment* to this *joujou*, which he names a *Policonnicope*, and fills with shade portraits of *dear beings*, another calls his the *Transfigurateur*, and furnishes bouquets, flower baskets, fruits, &c.

MONTHLY REGISTER OF LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE.

NEW PUBLICATIONS, WITH CRITICAL REMARKS.

From the Monthly Magazines, July, 1818.

SAMOR, *Lord of the Bright City ; an heroic poem ;* by H. H. MILMAN, is a novelty in the poetry of the nineteenth century. From the loose and rambling measures of poetic simplification, Mr. Milman has carried us back to the style of Akenside, and the dignity of Milton : but we fear, in this attempt at stateliness, he has indulged in the obscure too much to be agreeable. With this drawback from his merits, and some obvious imitations, there is a certain class of readers who will derive pleasure from this dignified poem. We extract a passage, which we esteem a fair sample of the whole.

Uprose the Avenger, and his way he took
To where the rock broke off abrupt and sheer.
Before him yawn'd the chasm, whose depth of gloom
Severed the island-castle from the shore :
The ocean waves, as though but newly rent
That narrow channel, tumbled to and fro,
Rush'd and recoil'd, and sullenly sent up
An everlasting roar, deep echoed out
From th' underworking caverns ; the white gulls
Were wandering in the dusk abyss, and shone
Faint sun-light here and there on the moist slate.
The castle drawbridge hung aloof, arm'd men
Paced the stern ramparts, javelins look'd out
From embrasure and loop-hole, arbalist
And bow-string loaded lay with weight of shaft
Menacing. On the dizzy brink stood up
Th' Avenger, like a seraph when absolv'd
His earthly mission, on some sunny peak
He waits the gathering cloud, whereon he wont
To charioteer along the azure space.
In vain he waits not : under his plumed feet,
And round about his spreading wings it floats,
And sails off proudly with its heavenly freight,
Even thus, at Samor's call, down heavy fell
The drawbridge, o'er the abyss the Avenger springs ;
Tintagel's huge portcullis groaning up,
Its grooves give way ; then up the jealous bridge
Behind him leaps, the gate falls clashing down."

An Inquiry into some of the most curious and interesting subjects of History, Science, &c. By Thomas Moir.

This book has one great merit : it is the least of a book-making concern that we have seen for a long time, and contains a great deal of curious matter within a small compass, and at a small price. The principal subject on which it treats is the state of religious houses in England before the Reformation ; there are also, a disquisition on the Julian year,

new style, the solar and lunar systems ; an account of the origin of the renowned orders of knighthood ; and many inquiries into the ancient customs of sepulture, &c. &c. Passing over the three first chapters, we select the following from the fourth, on the origin of writing.

"The most ancient manner of writing was a kind of engraving, whereby the letters were formed in tablets of lead, wood, wax, or like materials. This was done by styles made of iron, brass, or bone. The Papyrus was first used in Egypt—afterwards parchment, made of the fine skins of beasts, was invented at Pergamus ; and lastly, paper manufactured from linen cloth. Books were anciently writ only on one side, and done up in rolls ; but this being found very cumbrous and inconvenient, they were next written on square leaves and on both sides. S. Cassian was a christian schoolmaster, and taught children to read and write at Imola, 27 miles from Ravenna. During one of the persecutions, probably of Decius or Valerian, he refused to sacrifice to the gods, and suffered martyrdom from his own scholars, who were forced to stab him to death with their iron styles."

We have our Bell and Lancasterian Systems as an improvement on the mode of tuition, but that mode itself is very different from what was practised from the earliest times to the 13th or 14th century. The master then delivered his explanation like a harangue ; and the pupils retained as much as they could, taking down notes to help their memory. Teaching was carried on by lectures ; and at the era we are speaking of, the studies requisite to qualify a person for lecturing occupied fourteen or fifteen years, so that the youngest teacher was generally about 35 years old.

"Purgations by single combat of the accusers and accused were instituted by the Burgundians, introduced in England by William the Conqueror, and continued later than Henry III. though always condemned by Rome."

"FEUDAL SYSTEM.—Feudatory laws were unknown to the world till framed

by the Lombards in Italy, the first authors of feudatory laws and principalities. Pepin and Charlemagne began to introduce something of them in Germany and France, where they were afterwards exceedingly multiplied in the reigns of weak princes, and by various accidents."

"THE GAMUT IN MUSIC.---Guido, a monk of Arezzo in Tuscany, in 1009, was the inventor of the Gamma *ut*, or gamut, and the six notes, Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, which syllables are taken from the three first verses of the hymn of St. John Baptist, *Ut queant laxis*, &c. ---Guido says--I hope they who come after us will not forget to pray for us, for we make a perfect master in a year or two, whereas, till now, a person could scarce attain this science, even imperfectly, in ten years."

NAME OF GIBRALTAR.---"Roderic having dethroned and pulled out the eyes of Vitiza, the Gothic king of Spain, and excluded his children from the crown, usurped himself the throne in 711. Count Julian, the most powerful nobleman in Spain, invited the Moors or Saracens from Africa into Spain, to revenge an insult offered to his daughter by Roderic. Mousa, who was governor of those Saracens, sent first 12,000 men under a general named Tarif, who easily possessed himself of Mount Calpe, and the town Heraclea, which these Moors from that time called Gibraltar, or Mount of Tarif, from this general, and the Arabic word Gibel, a mountain."

We shall now take our leave of the author, who, notwithstanding a quaint style, belief in demonology, hostility to promiscuous dancing, and other peculiarities, has entertained us much.

BYRON'S SIEGE OF CORINTH.

From the New Monthly Magazine, June, 1818.

SIR,
IN one of the last numbers of your valuable miscellany are some remarks conveying censure on a passage in Lord Byron's *Siege of Corinth*. The author of the letter to which I allude may probably think that a mind accustomed to decide impartially, will not hesitate to dissent from opinions however generally received, if they appear to be erroneous. But in the present instance the popular judgment seems to be the most correct; for if we sacrifice to a fastidious delicacy such lines as those censured by Mr. Lempriere, we must erase not from the works of Lord Byron only, but from those of our most celebrated Poets, their most striking and original passages. Far be it from me to apologize for the grossness of a Swift or a Rochester, but surely it would be idle to prohibit the employment of terrific imagery, in compositions the chief end of which is to impress the mind with awe and fill the mind with harrowing expectations. In the lines which Mr. L. has selected for animadversion, there appears much to admire, and little to blame. It may be thought that the mode of expression might have been softened with advantage; but when the bard's intention, in the description of

Alp's night adventure, is fully considered, the apparent coarseness of language in the lines beginning

"And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold over the dead their carnival!"—

will be excused, and be deemed a beauty rather than a defect. The poet has described his hero as wandering thro' the Turkish camp a few hours previously to a final assault on the besieged city. His heart is supposed to be the prey of feelings indescribably bitter, and while he reflects that with the morning, thousands of human beings must advance to certain death in the fatal breach of Corinth, he considers in the agony of remorse that he is a renegado, that he is hated by the Christians and despised by the Mussulmans. Every object around him is of a solemn and interesting character, but as he approaches the beleaguered city, the scenes presented to the imagination deepen into horror—that the reader may be in some measure prepared for the supernatural visitation which is to follow, and it is then that the description censured by Mr. L. occurs. What has been said above, will, I think, sufficiently prove its propriety and beauty. W. H. C.

POETRY.

From the Literary Panorama, July, 1818.

SONG BY LORD BYRON.

The following song, we are assured by a correspondent on whose veracity we can rely, is the undoubted production of the noble Lord: and has only hitherto been circulated in manuscript.*

FILL the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow that now gladdens my
heart to its core,
Let us drink!---who would not?---since thro'
life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.
I have tried in its turn all that life can supply--
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling
eye---
I have lov'd!---who has not?---but what heart
can declare,
That pleasure existed while passion was there?
In the days of my youth---when the heart's in
its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take
wing;
I had friends!---who had not?---but what
tongue will avow
That friends, rosy wine, are so faithful as thou!
The breast of a mistress some boy may es-
trange;---
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam---thou
never canst change;
Thou grow'st old!---who does not?---but on
earth what appears
Whose virtues like thine still increase with its
years?
Yet, if blest to the utmost that love can be-
stow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous! who's not?---thou hast no
such alloy,
For the more that enjoy thee---the more they
enjoy.
Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;---
There we find!---do we not?---in the flow of
the soul,
That truth as of yore is confined to the bowl!
When the box of Pandora was opened on
earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth;
Hope was left!---was she not?---but the gob-
let we kiss,
And care not for *hope*, who are certain of bliss.
Long life to the grape! for when summer is
flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own;
We must die!---who shall not?---may our sins
be forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in Heaven.

* Some beautiful lines which appeared in our Vol. III. page 117, we now find are written by Lord Byron, and we take the opportunity of correcting the misprint of the fourth line of the fifth stanza, which should be thus:

"That mine---might only press it more!"

From the New Monthly Magazine, July 1818.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

A SONG,

Written for the Grand Institutionary Dinner of the Caledonian Asylum.

By the "Ettrick Shepherd" [JAMES HOGG.]

Tune---"*The Berks of Invermay*."

THE flag wav'd o'er the castle wall,
The hind cam' liltin' o'er the Lea;
Loud joy rang thro' the lighted ha'
An' ilka ane was blithe but me;
For, ah! my heart had tint its glee,
Altho' the wars had worn away;
The breast that us'd my stay to be,
Was lyin' cauld in foreign clay.
I lookit east, I lookit west,
I saw the darksome coming even;
The wild bird had its cozy nest,
The kid was to the hamlet driven:
But house no hame, aneath the heaven
Except the skeugh of greenwood tree;
O that was a' the comfort given
To my three little bairns an' me.
I had a pray'r I cou'd na say---
I had a vow I doughna breathe---
For aye they led my words astray---
An' aye they wer' connectet baith
Wi' ane wha now was cauld in death.
I lookit round wi' wat'ry e'e---
Hope was na there---but I was laith
To see my little babies dee.
Just as the breeze the aspen stirr'd,
And bore aslant the falling dew,
I thought I heard a bonny bird
Singing amid the air so blue;
It was a lay that did renew
The hope deep sunk in misery;
It was of ane my woes that knew,
And some kind hearts that car'd for me.
O sweet as breaks the rising day,
Or sunbeams thro' the wavy rain,
Fell on my soul the cheering lay---
Was it an angel pour'd the strain?
Wha kens a yearning mother's pain,
Bent o'er the child upon her knee!
O mine will bless, and bless again
The generous hearts that car'd for me.
A cot was rear'd by Mercy's hand
Amid the Grampian wilderness---
It rose as if by magic wand,
A shelter to forlorn distress!
An' weel I ken that heaven will bless
The hearts that issued the decree---
The widow and the fatherless
Can never pray, and slighted be.

From the New Monthly Magazine, June 1818.

JULIA.

JULIA wept! her glistening tears
Were like the silvery drops of dew
Which from the rosy clouds of ev'ning fall.
Julia sigh'd! her moan was soft,
Yet sad and plaintive as a note
Of feather'd minstrel bound in hopeless thrall.

Julia smil'd ! her smile was bright
 As moonbeam on the glassy lake,
 When not a wave is o'er its surface driven.
 Julia spoke ! her voice was clear
 And tuneful as the Seraph's tongue
 That tells the dying wretch his crimes are all
 forgiven. G.

From the Monthly Magazine, July, 1818.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT AND THE NETTLE :

A Fable.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE HON. HENRY ERSKINE.

Communicated by the Earl of Buchan.

HOW oft, neglected and forlorn,
 Do high-sprung worth and merit lie ;
 While wealth and power, tho' basely born,
 Lift their unworthy heads on high.
 How oft are sense and genius bright
 Denied the poor reward of praise ;
 How many modest merit slight,
 While gilded dullness wears the bays.
 His bosom wrung with anguish keen,
 How oft we meet the slighted youth ;
 On whose pale cheek too well is seen
 That wealth prevails o'er love and truth.
 Deep-mark'd with scars, care-worn with toil,
 Low lies the hero's hoary head ;
 While striplings share his hard-won spoil ;
 Helpless, his orphans weep for bread.
 The patriot's worth, the poet's fires,
 And Science fair, neglected die ;
 Sweet Charity herself expires,
 Nor shuts one grateful hand her eye.
 Sweet Philomel thus pours her strain
 Where only Echo hears the song ;
 Thus sheds the rose her sweets in vain
 Some stream's untrodden bank along.
 Yet not less sweet the scent or song,
 Tho' wasted on the desert air ;
 Tho' found among the humble throng,
 Truth, Sense, and Virtue, still are fair.
 Then droop not thou, whom Fate unkind,
 Poor and unknown has doom'd to dwell ;
 The Muse thy lone retreat shall find,
 Shall visit oft thy humble cell.
 Nor mourn, ye brave, tho' cowards live
 To wear the laurels won by you ;
 Here, or hereafter, Heaven shall give
 The prize to worth and valour due.
 To soothe with hope your humble state,
 To keep alive fair Virtue's fires,
 Read (and, unmurmuring yield to Fate,)
 The simple tale the Muse inspires.
 Within the garden's shelter'd bound,
 The florist's art, the florist's care,
 With every hue had deck'd the ground,
 With every scent perfum'd the air.
 The nipping frost, the driving snow,
 The chilling wind, and beating rain ;
 Tho' deep they fall and fiercely blow,
 There deal their baleful blasts in vain.
 Tho' Sol his genial ray denies,
 And Morn refuse her dew to lend,
 There artificial suns arise,
 There artificial showers descend.
 Within these bowers full many a flower,
 The native of benigner skies,
 Such as might grace Hesperian bower,
 Or fairy grove, were seen to rise.

E'en flow'rs by Nature's hand design'd
 'Mid savage wilds unknown to grow,
 Transplanted, and by care refin'd,
 Were taught both fair and sweet to blow.
 Just such a fostering power is thine,
 And virtues such dost thou bestow,
 Oh Education ! source divine,---
 From which truth, worth, and wisdom flow.
 Yet, midst these beds full many a weed,
 In spite of care, would often spring ;
 For thoughtless Zephyr bore the seed,
 And dropt it from his wanton wing.
 And many a fair and fragrant flower,
 Fallen from the sower's careless hand,
 Spite of the sweetly fostering shower,
 Died on the waste and barren sand.
 So, many a heart of fire sublime,
 Unknown and friendless, lives and dies ;
 While meaner souls by Fortune climb
 The heights where Fame's proud turrets rise.
 On the hard, bleak, and barren mould,
 The plant for soft Sensation known,---
 'Twas thus the tale a florist told,---
 Was dropt unshelter'd and alone.
 From the rude wind and dashing rain,
 Instinctive, shrunk its tender leaf ;
 For, shelter while it sought in vain,
 Low hung its head in silent grief.
 Its humble plight and look forlorn
 Soon caught a neighbouring Nettle's eyes,
 That, lately, on the light breeze borne,
 Midst Flora's favourites dar'd to rise.
 There fixed its root the worthless seed,
 And, by the florist long unseen,
 Thriving it grew,---for evil weed
 Full quick and strongly springs, I ween.
 "Avaunt ! (the ungenerous upstart cried,)
 Nor taint with sighs the balmy air,
 That fans the garden's flowery pride,
 Where I am fairest of the fair.
 "In vain, of Destiny severe,
 Or envying me, of Fate complain ;
 Justly it arm'd and plac'd me here,---
 And justly thus bids you remain."
 Thus spoke the Nettle, proud and sour,
 While Zephyr sigh'd along the beds ;
 A tear stood bright on every flow'r,
 And Pity bow'd their lovely heads.
 "Proud Weed, (the gentle sufferer said,)
 That look'st on humble worth with scorn,
 Thy malice shall behold me dead,
 Ere joyful dawns another morn.
 "Yet know, though thus I early fall,
 No hidden crimes have work'd my fate :
 'Tis Fortune, blind alike to all,
 That ruins me, and makes thee great.
 "Can'st thou behold yon ruin'd mound
 Where all thy noxious kindred grow ;
 Yet dare the gentle heart to wound,
 And proudly scoff at honest woe ?
 "While I, whose worth let others tell,
 My feeling form who fondly rear,
 My rising rage with pity quell,
 Foresee thy end and drop a tear.
 "The glorious orb, whose genial ray
 Call'd into life thy boasted form,
 Low in the dust thy pride can lay,
 And save my weakness from the storm."
 He spoke : the sun was gliding low,
 And damps hung heavy in the air ;
 The florist gan his rounds to go.
 To guard from harm his flow'ry care.

With scorn the Nettle's worthless root,
From its warm seat he instant tore ;
And in its place the Sufferer put,
Ne'er to know pain or sorrow more.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

PRAYER DURING BATTLE.

From the German of Körner.*

FATHER of all ! I call on thee :
Red lightnings flash along the ground ;
Loud roars the fierce artillery,
And smoke and blood enclose me round :
Great God of battles hear my cry,---
Lead me to death or victory.

Thou, Father, lead me boldly on !
Lead me to conquest or the grave ;
Where'er I go, thy will be done,---
So lead as thou the will may'st have :
For I submit me to thy power,
I own thy presence every hour.

Equally in the rustling blasts,
Strewing autumnal leaves around ;
As when the battle-storm o'ercasts,
With carnage and with blood, the ground :
Thee I acknowledge, God supreme !
Fountain of mercy ! still the same.

Father, I praise thee, that to-day
For no vain good our swords we draw ;
Our cause is sacred Liberty,
And Justice is our only law :
Victor or vanquish'd, at thy will,
Father of men ! I'll praise thee still.

Thou, Father, bless me with thy care,
Into thy hands I all resign :
'Tis thou that givest ; hear my prayer :
'Tis thou canst take,---for I am thine.
In life, or in Death's trying hour,
O bless me with thy guardian power.

God ! I submit myself to thee :
When Death assails my mortal frame,
When my torn veins the blood shall flee
Gushing, and sinks this vital flame,---
I'll bend resigned to thy decree :
Father of all ! I call on thee.

* See Ath. Vol. II. p. 156.

From the European Magazine.

ON A LADY'S KALEIDISCOPE.

[By the Author of Legends of Lapidosa, &c.]

THE mighty tube that shares its fame
With good old Galileo's name,
Compar'd with this, was but a whim
For cloister'd schools and sages grim.
The seer of Florence only car'd
To certify a comet's beard :
But Art devises this to shew man
The mind of Fashionable Woman.
Has it a gilt exterior ?---Well,
It closer makes the parallel :
At safe and modest distance seen,
It seems an exquisite machine,
For science or for genius fit,
To draw things near, like truth and wit ;
But look within !---What motley heaps
Of brittle things the covert keeps !
Odd beads, mock jewels, shreds of lace,
All find a temporary place.
What seems a diamond, if you look
Is but a pin's head or a hook ;

A meteor or a star examin'd
Is some poor bauble women cram in't.
See, thro' how many thousand changes
Their love or their ambition ranges !
Now in a lover's knot 'tis set,
Now 'tis a ducal coronet :
Now ribbons of all hues are streaming,
And now a knightly star is gleaming :
Next, the shawl pattern of a Hindu,
And then, a church's painted window :
Yet seen by love's light, and afar,
This motley mass seems regular---
Sages to buy the toy desire,
And, though they laugh, they still admire.

But, Ladies ! can no other thing
A parallel with Brewster bring ?
Yes, one thing more---our little life
Changes as fleetly as a wife.
When first the gay optician Hope
Presents us her Kaleidiscopes,
How swift before our dazzled eyes
The ever-moving pageants rise !
As in this toy's refracted glass,
Chang'd ere they fix, the colours pass :
Modes, pleasures, friendships, schemes, & cares,
Fine forms, fine systems, and fine airs,
All in the gaudy wheel revolve,
Shine, mingle, waver, and dissolve :---
Thus Time and Fortune's turns confuse
All Heraldry's unnumber'd hues,
All the gay baubles mortals prize,
Crowns, garlands, stars, and radiant eyes,
Scarce gaz'd on ere they fade and fall---
A breath, a step reverses all.---
Brief scene, yet beautiful and gay,
Why snatch the secret spell away ?
Ah ! rather worship the illusion
Which dignifies the rich confusion !
Let Mem'ry the bright circle fill,
And turn the lovely prism still.

Fair mistress of a gayer pow'r,
To wing away the frolic hour,
Transform, by virtue of a trope,
The world to a Kaleidoscope,
Where ever-changing Fancy shews
Her rarest shapes and richest hues---
But thy own soul's bright eye shall be
The best Kaleidoscope for thee.

V.

From the Literary Gazette, May, 1818.

The following Impromptu to a Lady who expressed some displeasure at his kissing her hands, was made by Dr. Wolcot, alias Peter Pindar, 20th July, 1804, and never before published.

TO PHILLIS.

THY rosy fingers I have prest,
And really both my lips were blest :
Oh ! canst thou, lovely girl, complain ?
Yet if my kiss, as light as air,
Be deem'd so weighty an affair,
I'll take it off thy hands again.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

EXTEMPORE.

(On seeing a beautiful child, the daughter of a friend.)

ANGELS from your blissful seats
Hover near her---hover near her ;
When her heart with anguish beats,
Come---O come and cheer her.
From the dawn of youth to age
Kindly guard her---kindly guard her ;
And when past from life's dull stage,
Cherish and reward her.

EXTRACTS FROM RHODODAPHNE, A POEM.

From the Literary Panorama.

TILL habits, pleasures, hopes, smiles, tears,
 All modes of thinking, feeling, seeing,
 Of two congenial spirits, blend
 In one inseparable being,---
 Deem'st thou this love can change or end ?
 There is no eddy on the stream,
 No bough that light winds bend and toss,
 No chequering of the sunny beam
 Upon the woodland moss,
 No star in evening's sky, no flower
 Whose beauty odorous breezes stir,
 No sweet bird singing in the bower,
 Nay, not the rustling of a leaf,
 That does not nurse and feed my grief
 By wakening thoughts of her.
 All lovely things a place possessed
 Of love in my Calliroe's breast :
 And from her purer, gentler spirit,
 Did mine the love and joy inherit,
 Which that blest maid around her threw.
 With all I saw, and felt, and knew,
 The image of Calliroe grew,
 Till all the beauty of the earth
 Seemed as to her it owed its birth,
 And did but many forms express
 Of her reflected loveliness."

The description of the votive wreath which
 Anthemion comes to offer at the altar of love,
 in order to secure the health of his beloved
 Calliroe, is very graceful and pleasing :

" He bore a simple wild-flower wreath :
 Narcissus, and the sweet-briar rose ;
 Vervain, and flexile thyme, that breathe
 Rich fragrance ; modest heath, that glows
 With purple bells ; the amaranth bright,
 That no decay nor fading knows.
 Like true love's holiest, rarest light ;
 And every purest flower, that blows
 In that sweet time which love most blesses,
 When spring on summer's confines presses.

PICTURE OF RHODODAPHNE.

" She rose and loosed her radiant hair,
 And raised her golden lyre in air.
 The lyre, beneath the breeze's wings,
 As if a spirit swept the strings,
 Breathed airy music, sweet and strange,
 In many a wild fantastic change.
 Most like a daughter of the sun
 She stood : her eyes all radiant shone
 With beams unutterably bright ;
 And her long tresses, loose and light,
 As on the playful breeze they rolled,
 Flamed with rays of burning gold."

INTELLIGENCE.

From the English Monthly Magazines for July, 1818.

SPEEDILY will be published, *New Tales*
 of my Landlord, collected and arranged by
 Jedidiah Cleishbotham, schoolmaster and
 parish clerk of Gandercleugh, 4 vols. 12mo.
 also,

Saint Patrick, a national tale of the fifth
 century, by an Antiquary, 3 vols. 12mo.

Dr. Macleay, of Glasgow, has in the press,
Historical memoirs of the celebrated character,
Rob Roy, and of the *Clan Macgregor*,
 including original notices of *Lady Grange*. A
Prefatory Sketch, illustrative of the condition
 of the Highlands, prior to the year 1745, will
 also be given ; and the whole will comprise
 such authentic information, characteristic of
 Highland customs and manners, from sources
 only accessible to the writer, as have not be-
 fore been made known. The work is expect-
 ed to appear in the course of this month, and
 will be accompanied with an excellent like-
 ness of *Rob Roy*, from the only original paint-
 ing extant.

Miss Sandham, author of the *Twin Sisters*,
 has in the press, the *School-Fellows*, which
 will appear in the course of the present month.

On the 1st of Aug. will be published, *The*
Northern Star, or *Monthly Magazine*, for
 Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Northum-
 berland, Cheshire, Nottinghamshire, and the
 adjoining counties, embellished with a highly
 finished copperplate, being a continuation, on
 a more extensive scale, of the *Northern Star*,
 or *Yorkshire Magazine*.

Sir R. C. Hoare has in the press, a supple-
 mental 4to. volume to the *Rev. J. C. Eustace's*
Classical Tour through Italy, enlarged by a
Tour round Sicily, &c.

In a few days will be published, the *Warn-
 ing Voice*, a sacred poem, in two cantos : ad-
 dressed to infidel writers of poetry. By the
 Hon. and Rev. Edward John Turnour, A.M.
 formerly of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, author of
Sermons on the Union of Truth, Reason, and

Revelation, in the doctrine of the Established
 Church.

NEW WORKS.

The Fair Isabel of Cothele, a Cornish Ro-
 mance, in 6 cantos, by the Rev. R. Polwhele.

Letters of a Prussian Traveller, descriptive
 of a Tour thro' Austria, Sweden, &c. &c. ; by
 John Bramsen. 2 vols. 8vo.

Llewellyn, or the vale of Plinlimmon, a
 novel, 3 vols. 12mo.

Sophia, or the Dangerous Indiscretion, a
 tale, founded on facts, 3 vols. 12mo.

Lionel, or the last of the Pevensays, a nov-
 el, 3 vols. 12mo.

Llewellyn ap Jorweth, a poem, in five can-
 tos, by W. E. Meredith, Esq.

The Ayah and Lady ; an Indian story.

The Question ; Who is Anna ? by Miss M.
 S. Croker. 3 vols.

Translations from Camoens, and other
 Poets, with original poetry. By the author
 of *Modern Greece*, and the *Restoration of the*
Works of arts to Italy, 8vo.

The third volume of a *Dissertation on the*
Prophecies that have been fulfilled, are now
 finishing, or will hereafter be fulfilled, rela-
 tive to the great period of 1290, the Mahom-
 medan Apostacies, the tyrannical reign of An-
 tichrist, or the Infidel power, and the Resto-
 ration of the Jews. By the Rev. G. S. Faber,
 B. D. 8vo.

A Journey through Asia Minor, Armenia,
and Boordistan, in the years 1813 and 1814.
 With remarks on the marches of Alexander,
 and the retreat of the ten thousand. By John
 Macdonald Kenneir, Esq. With an original
 map, illustrative of the marches of Alexander,
 Xenophon, Julian, and Heraclius, engraved
 by Arrowsmith, 8vo.

Mr. T. Yeates has in the press, *Indian Church*
History, or *Notices relating to the first plant-*
ing of the Gospel in Syria, Mesopotamia, and
India.